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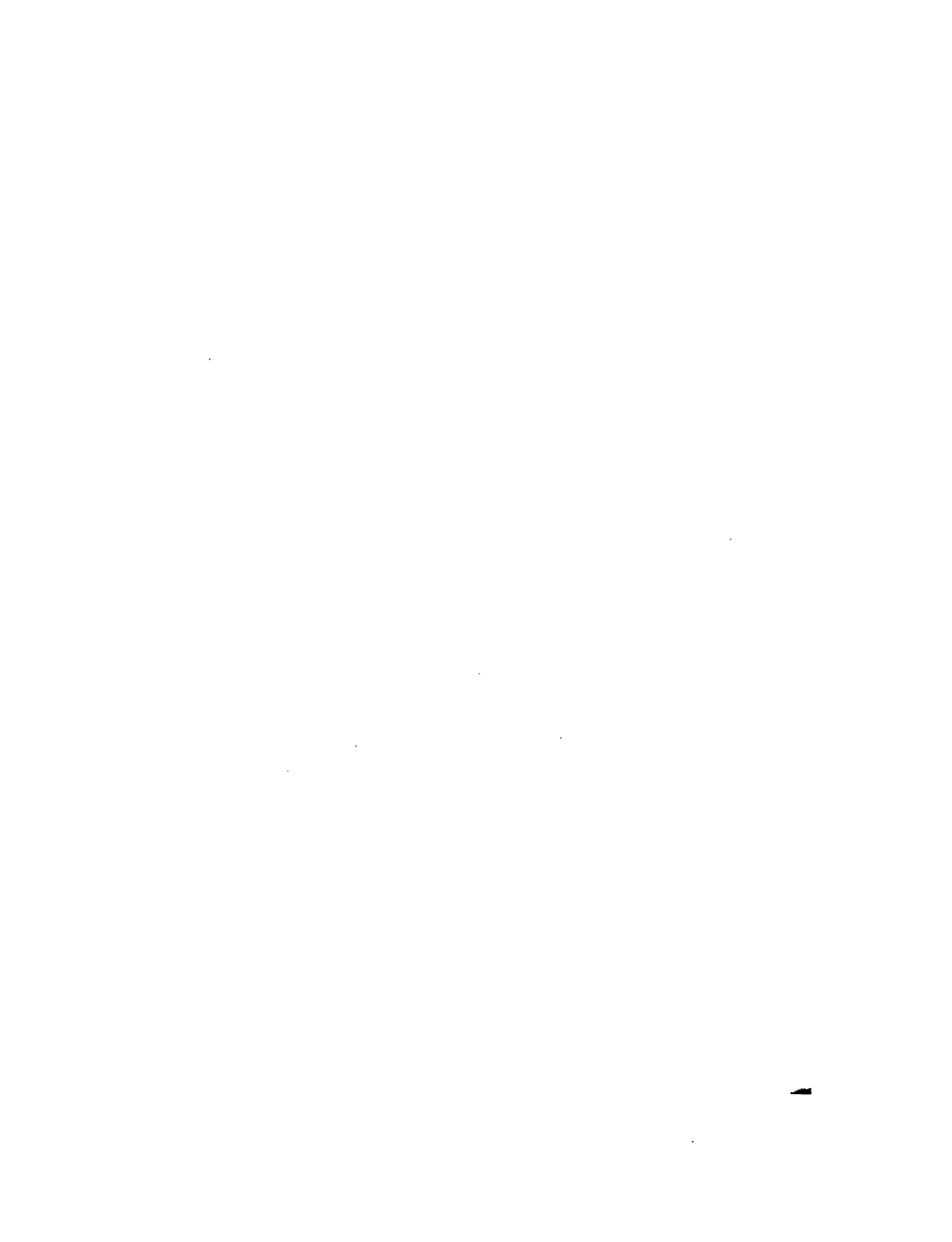
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1. SHALL I EVER BE MARRIED?
2. WHEN SHALL I BE MARRIED?
3. DESCRIBE THE PERSON THAT WILL BE MY COMPANION?
4. WHAT FORTUNE WILL I OBTAIN WITH MY COMPANION?
5. WHAT WILL BE THE OCCUPATIONS OF MY COMPANION?
6. WHAT WILL BE THE RULING PASSION OF MY COMPANION?
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8. DOES — LOVE ME?
9. WHAT ARE —'S INTENTIONS RESPECTING ME?
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YCH
2/11



1841
THE
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
MIRROR OF FORTUNE;

OR,

THE ANALYSIS OF LIFE,

ILLUSTRATED BY GEMS FROM THE BEST WRITERS,
ARRANGED IN A NEW AND ORIGINAL MANNER,
FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF

LITERARY AND SOCIAL CIRCLES.

BY

D. M. ANGELL, M.D.,

AND

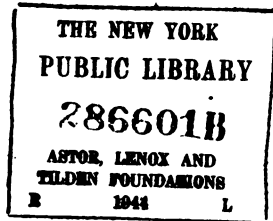
CAROLINE M. MERSEREAU.

Believe it or not, as you choose,
The doctrine is certainly true,
That the future is known to the Muse,
And Poets are Oracles too.

COWPER.

NEW YORK
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1860.

F.



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P R E F A C E .

PEARLS of thought are often lost among the sands of common-place, or by their costly setting rendered unobtainable by many who would prize them. To collect in one volume a few treasures from the ocean of mind, and arrange them in a manner that will both instruct and entertain, has been the object of the editors of the present work. In the "Mirror of Fortune," the lover may see the reflection of the visions that haunt his dreams, and make his waking hours but another form of dreaming; the philanthropist, the delineation of characters akin to his own in the nobleness of their nature; the misanthrope, there is still abounding in humanity much to love; the deep reader of the heart, that others, too, have looked beneath the surface, and found many a hidden spring of action; and while the undue hopefulness of inexperience is admonished that there are clouds and shadows for the brightest sky, the weary and desponding may gather new courage from the records of souls made wise in the lot that teaches to "suffer and be strong." All phases of human existence are here represented; not the fanciful imaginings of the visionary, but the mingled scenes of joy

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and woe, which meet the eye in real life ; and while the lover of the beautiful will find many a gem in the collection, the sternest practicality will also recognize much that is in accordance with its own strict precepts, and much that is applicable, not to Utopian views, but to life *as it is*.

With the hope that it will please and profit, it is respectfully submitted to an appreciative public.

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PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT

A.

1.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn, they floated on,
And mingled into one ;
I saw that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force.
In peace each other greeting ;
And thus will meet two kindred hearts,
Though distance for a season parts.

Brainard.

A.

2.

G.—Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise me,
How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise ;
Shun my example ; treasure up my precepts ;
The world's before thee ;——be a knave and prosper.

Lillo.

L.—By making your conduct always correct, that it may
bear being viewed on all sides. The more exalted you are
the more you will be observed ; but if you are determined
to care for nobody, nobody will care for you.

3.

Happiness is a roadside flower growing on the highway
of Usefulness.

Tupper.

G.—Fight down the Wrong, howe'er specious its bearing,
Lighten the burdens about thee by sharing,
Fear not the glorious peril of daring,
Be it the rack, or the prison's dull bars ;
Hands are stretched out from the graves of past ages,
To brighten with holy deeds History's pages—
Martyr-fires burn as intensely as stars.

Shrink not away from the common and lowly—
Good deeds, though never so humble, are holy ;
And though the recompense fall to thee slowly,

A.

Heroes unnumbered before thee have trod;
By the sweet light of their blessed example,
Work on—the field of Love's labor is ample—
Trusting Humanity, trusting in God!

Alice Cary.

L.—If sorrow come, resist it not,
Nor yet bow weakly to it;
Look up to meet the heaven-sent storm,
But see the rainbow through it
Be like the sun, whose eye of joy
Ne'er on a shadow lay, love,
Be like a rill, that singeth still,
Whate'er be in its way, love.
Weep not for what the world can do,
Nor sorrow for its wrong,
But wear a smile upon thy brow—
It cannot harm thee long :
Its cold contempt, its bitter scorn,
Its hatred, and its guile,
Are never lightened if we mourn,
Oh then, 'tis best to smile.

Mrs. Osgood.

4.

Friends many, more admirers, but the sum of all
Their care amounts to this, and only this,
That as the faded leaves in Autumn fall,
So shall their friendship prove but transient bliss.

D. M. A.

A.

5.

It means that you love, but you dare not express
 The fond passion that struggles within,
 So we'll pardon a feeling so hard to suppress,
 And count not your dreaming a sin.

6. •

That

With such unshaken temper of the soul
 You'd bear the swelling tide of prosperous fortune,
 You well deserve that fortune.

Rowe.

He is a poor warder of his fame, who is ever on the watch
 to keep it spotless ;
 Such care argueth debility, a garrison relying on its
 sentinel ;
 Purity of motive, and nobility of mind shall rarely conde-
 scend
 To prove its rights, and prate of wrongs, and evidence its
 worth to others.
 And it shall be small care to the high and happy con-
 science
 What jealous friends, or envious foes, or common fools may
 judge.
 Should the lion turn and rend every snarling jackal,
 Or an eagle be stopped in his career to punish the petu-
 lance of sparrows.

A.

Should the palm-tree bend his crown to chide the brier at
 his feet,
 Nor kindly help its climbing, if it hope and be ambitious?
 Should the nightingale account it worth her pains to vindicate
 her music,
 Before some sorry finches, that affect to judge of song?
 No! many an injustice, many a sneer, and slur,
 Is passed aside with noble scorn by lovers of true fame;
 For the great mind well may be sad to note such littleness
 in brethren,
 The while it is comforted and happy in the firmest assurance
 of desert.

Tupper.

7.

I saw on the top of a mountain high
 A gem that shone like fire by night;
 It seemed a star that had left the sky,
 And dropped to sleep on the lonely height;
 I climbed the peak, and found it soon
 A lump of ice in the clear cold moon;
 Can you its hidden sense impart?
 'Tis a cheerful look, and a broken heart.

Percival.

8.

G.—Long and weary roads are threaded
 Step by step unto the end;
 With the present all undreaded,
 While we shrink from what impend:

A.

So with Life ; the care and sorrow
 Torture by fore-running fear :
 Oft the evil of to-morrow,
 Like the day is never here.

L.—Flirt on, flirt on, my gay coquette,
 And I'll make my affidavit,
 That soon your heart will be to let,
 And none but fools will crave it.

9.

G.—Wooring, wedding, and repenting !

Shakspeare

L.—Though losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there ye'll get there
 Ye'll find nae other where.

Burns

10.

Kind Fate shall on her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss enroll thy name
 With native worth, and spotless fame ;
 All blameless joys on earth thou'lt find,
 And all the treasures of the mind.

A.

11.

The wise and active conquer difficulties,
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and sink at sights of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibilities they fear.

Rowe.

12.

Few here are happy but in part,
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in *every* heart,
Why should not one in thine?
That wish on some fair future day
Which fate shall brightly gild,—
(’Tis blameless, be it what it may),
That wish shall be fulfilled.

Cowper.

13.

G.—Where the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair,
Where the vow that lasts till dying,
Vibrates on the sacred air;
Where man’s lavish protestations
Doubt of after change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit
Bound his servitor for aye;
Seek her—and you there will gain
That so long desired in vain.

Sat. Eve. Post

A.

L.—Send him in faith a simple flower,
 It often possesses a magic power,
 And the spirit which its light magic weaves
 May touch his heart from its simple leaves,
 And if this should fail, it at least will be
 A token of love to him from thee.

Token for 1829.

14.

G.—Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
 Small sands make mountains, moments make the year,
 And trifles, life.

Young.

L.—The woman whose price is above rubies, has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man more endearing, than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

Freeholder.

15.

G.—She had borne
 To see your love decline by slow degrees,
 So slight the change at first, it was not seen,
 But only felt—a doubt—a dread—a pang—
 Passing at intervals across her heart,
 And waking many a dark and bitter thought
 Of man's inconstancy—but when the truth



Flashed suddenly upon her, clear and full,
The anguish, and the bitterness were past,
And her deep love is changed to cold contempt,
For woman's heart, though it forgiveth much,
And trusteth long, is stronger in its scorn,
As it has greatly felt its trust deceived.

E. Bogart.

L.—Thy haunting influence, how it mocks
His efforts to forget!
The stamp love only seals but once
Upon his life is set.
Alas! he has no power to choose,
Love is not at his will,
He says he will be careless, cold,
But finds he loves thee still.

Landon.

16.

G.—Of flowers!
No marvel woman so loves flowers, they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history; like herself, repaying
With such sweet interest all the cherishing
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth;
And like her too—dying beneath neglect.

Landon.

L.—Most fond of his hoarded gold,
And in fancy oft is heaping

A.

Rich gems and jewels of price untold,
Visions that end in weeping.

17.

G.—Heart on her lip, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Byron.

L.—He's mild as April showers, his heart is light and gay,
And like the lovely flowers 'tis blooming while it may.
His smiles are all bewitching, the beams upon a face
That beauty is enriching with hues of health and grace.

18.

G.—Her fancy loves to wander forth
And hover round the hearth,
And catch those gleaming looks of love
That light that scene of mirth.

L.—'Tis that alone he should not rove
A dreary world like this ;
But have a voice to call him back
To share life's social bliss.

19.

G.—Keep away ! keep away !
Too sweet is her tone ;
Ere long it will sway,
But ne'er echo thine own,——

• Keep away !

Tuckerman.

A.

L.— He never felt,
That summer fly that flits so gaily round thee——
He never felt one moment what *one* feels
With such a silent tenderness, and keeps
So closely in his heart.

Percival.

20.

G.—She loves thee not,—she would sooner bind
Her thoughts to the open sky;
She would worship as soon a familiar star,
That is bright to every eye;
’Twere to love the wind that is sweet to all,
The waves of the beautiful sea,
’Twere to hope for all the light of heaven,
To hope for love from thee.

Willis.

L.—Changing ever, who can dare
Trust his feelings to thy care?
Smiling now, and now so vexed,
Who knows what to look for next?
Who *could* love thee if they would?
Or *would* love thee if they could?
Only agony and fear,
First a smile and then a tear,
Could attend a true devotion
To a heart of such commotion.

A.

21.

G.—Thou wilt meet no more in the lighted halls
Amid happy faces and gay young hearts,
Thou wilt listen in vain as each footstep falls,
Thou wilt watch in vain as each form departs,
There are loving voices, but one dear tone
Its cheerful greeting hath ceased to pour,
Her form from the dancing train is gone,
Thou wilt meet no more—thou wilt meet no more.
Mrs. Norton.

L.—As thinks the mariner of home
When doomed o'er many a dreary waste
Of waters yet to roam,
Thus shall his spirit turn to thee,
His guiding star o'er life's wild sea.
Mrs. Embury.

22.

G.—Some women deify a friend,
Some grovel at the shrine of self;
A few to Heaven in worship bend,
Her idol is—her own sweet self.
Mrs. Osgood.

L.—His ruling passion is self-love;
For all his life has gone to prove
The idol "self" is prized above
The worth of any other;

A.

He says, "Be self my greatest care,
From all reproach the darling spare,"
And every blame that he should bear
He'll put upon another.

Mrs. Sigourney.

23.

G.—She'll daily make it her concern
To milk the bonny cow ;
To set the milk—the butter churn—
A blessing she, I trow.

D. M. A.

L.—A farmer, who'll go where the forests receding,
Invite the adventurous and bold to roam,
And there in the groves where the wild deer are
feeding
He blithely will carol his earliest song.

24.

Beauty without vanity, wealth without pride, learning
without affectation, and gentleness without weakness.

Acton.

Oh ! never kneel at a gilded shrine
To worship the idol, gold,
Oh ! never fetter that heart of thine
As a thing for fortune sold ;

A.

But bow to the light that God has given,
The noble light of mind ;
The only light, save that of Heaven,
That should free-will homage find.

Mrs. L. P. Smith.

25.

G.—She is a poor, forlorn “old maid,”
Whose charms have long ere this decayed ;
Whole years in solitude she’s sat
Forgot by all except her cat.

L.—He is the veriest wretch forlorn,
That e’er was wounded by love’s scorn ;
And naught but loneliness of life,
Could force him now to take a wife.

26.

When bitter waters from sweet fountains flow,
And sour crab-apples on the fig-tree grow.

D. M. A.

B.

1.

G.—You think a gay old bachelor
Must lead a happy life ;
But ere a year has passed away,
You'll claim a loving wife.

L.—On the road of single blessedness
Not many months have you to pass.

2.

G.—You think an angel none too good,
To make a match for you ;
Therefore I fear ere you will wed,
Life's journey will be through.

L.—A shaggy, snarling poodle-dog,
A kitten and canary
Must form your joys of spinsterhood—
For you will never marry.

3.

Trust him little, who doth raise
To the same height both great and small,
And sets the sacred crown of praise,
Smiling, on the head of all.

Trust him less, who looks around
- To censure all with scornful eyes,
And in everything has found
Something which he dare despise.

B.

But for one who stands apart,
Moved by naught that can befall
With a cold, indifferent heart,
Trust him least and last of all.

Larater.

4.

G.—If thou win Power, do good,
If Fame deserve the meed,
If Wealth, oh, pour it like a flood
Upon this world of need.

L—Thou art wise, if thou beat off petty troubles, nor suffer
their stinging to fret thee ;
Thou art wise, and shall find comfort if thou study thy
pleasure in trifles,
For slender joys, oft repeated, fall like sunshine on the
heart,
And the streams of small pleasures fill the lake of hap-
piness.

Tupper.

5.

G.—Who wishes friends, should have a heart
Himself well furnished for the part,
And ready, on occasion,
To show the virtue that he seeks ;
For 'tis a union that bespeaks
A just reciprocation.

Cropper.

B.

L.—Thy pride repress ! nor hope to find
A friend but who has found a friend in thee ;
All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

Young.

6.

That you'll lose the love of a faithful heart,
And the light of a loving eye—
Things, whose deep worth you will value not,
Till they've passed forever by.

7.

G.—Of the great and common fund of praise provided
by the world for general distribution,—if rich, your share
may be the weight of a doubloon ; if poor, be thankful if
you get a penny's-worth, or less.

Acton.

L.—That if all hearts were pure like thine
We then might view a world divine ;
That were the world from guile as free,
Loved by a world a world might be.

8.

Not to have understood a treasure's worth,
Till Heaven had stolen away the slighted good
Is cause of half the wretchedness you feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

Cooper.

B.

9.

Of friends unfaithful ! insects of a day,
Which bask in sunshine, but avoid the shower,
Uncertain visitants, they flee away,
E'en when misfortune's sky *begins* to lower.

10.

Silent as one who treads on new-fallen snow
Shall love come on thee, ere thou art aware.

Lowell.

'Tis well, 'tis wise that you can only see
What hath been, is, and not what yet shall be,
Then fondly paint the best,
Bid the soft radiant dawn of hope appear,
Through its fair mirror view the coming year,
For while you hope, you're blest.

11.

It will be sleeping and waking ; hearing "good-night" on going to bed, and "good-morning" on getting up ; wondering what the day will bring forth ; having sunshine, and gloominess ; rain on the window as you sit by the fire ; walks in the garden to see the flowers open ; to have the postman bring letters ; to have news from east, west, north, and south ; to read old books, and new books ; to see pictures, and hear music ; to have Sundays ; to pray with a family morning and evening ; to sit in the twilight and

B.

meditate; to be well, and sometimes to be ill; to have business to do, and to do it; to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea; to belong to a town and have neighbors; to be one of a circle of acquaintances; to have friends to love you; to have sight of dear old faces; to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years: to know yourself thought of many times, and in many places by children, and grandchildren, and many friends.

Wm. Mountford.

12.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

Herrick.

13.

Clouds and darkness flee away,
In thy soul be perfect day;
Words are feeble to express
Half thy hoarded happiness!

14.

Journeys end in lovers meeting.

Shakspeare.

15.

Buried be all that has been done,
Or say that naught was done amiss;
For who all error's paths can shun
In such bewildering world as this?

B

But love can every fault forgive ;
 Or with a tender look reprove ;
 And now let naught in memory live,
 Save that you meet, and that you love.

G. Crabbe.

16.

G.—Your love was like most other loves,
 A little glow, a little shiver,
 A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
 A hint of refuge in the river ;
 A jealousy of some one's hair,
 And threats of dying broken-hearted ;
 A miniature, a ring, a tear—
 The usual vows when last you parted.

And can it be that you distrust
 This host of "symptoms" in your favor,
 Because for courtesy one must
 Act now and then part of deceiver ?
 She flirts with others just for fun,
 You know that there is nothing in it ;
 You are the first, the only one
 Her heart has thought of for a minute.

Praed.

L.—'Tis one of love's wild freaks I do suppose,
 And who is there can reason give for these !

B.

17.

G.—Ask what prevailing, pleasing power
Allures the sportive, wandering bee
To roam enticed from flower to flower ?
I'll tell you—'tis variety.

L.—Indeed he loves the girls so well,
(If truth must be confessed)
That his fond heart no choice can tell,
He loves them *all* the best !

18.

A spirit of feeling, a soul of affection,
Wildly ardent in rapture, and melting in woe,
Whatever its image, attire, or complexion,
With yours it will mingle in sympathy's glow

19.

That the summer of life, as it passes away,
And the winter of age sheds its snow on the heart,
May be blessed with the friendship that gilded youth's day,
And the peace that the social affections impart.

Allston Gibbs.

20.

G.—Though amused she may be by the foolish zeal
Of the silly fop who pursues her,
Don't imagine she'll follow their desperate rule,
Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool ;
Dear sir, she will beg you'll excuse her !

Moore.

B.

L.—He is skilled in magic lore,
And will tell thee, dearest maiden,
What the winds at evening say,
As amid the boughs they play—
What the river to its shore
Softly whispers evermore,
From its heart o'erladen.

He will tell thee how the moon
Breathes persuasion to the billows ;
What discourse the mountain makes
To its shadow-loving lakes ;
And, concealed in cloudy nooks,
What the little devious brooks
Murmur to the willows.

“ Love thou me—for I love thee,”
He'll tell thee they sing forever,
He'll assure thee he can hear
The responses ringing clear,
And the very stars repeat
To the moon an answer sweet
“ Love shall perish never !”

And if thus Earth, Sea, and Sky,
Find a voice to sing their passion,
Shouldst *thou* fail, oh, dearest maid,
Wandering in greenwood shade,
To repeat the same sweet song,
Thou wouldst do their music wrong,
And be out of fashion

B.

21.

G.—The deepest wrong that thou canst do,
Is thus to doubt her love confessed;
Why shouldst thou think her less than true,
When thou art noblest, truest, best?

Mrs. Osgood.

L.—

There's not an hour
Of day, or dreaming night, but he is with thee;
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name;
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its hue or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee to his fond anxious heart,

Proctor.

22.

G.—As to the distant moon
The sea forever yearns,
As to the polar star
The earth forever turns,
So does her constant heart
Beat but for thee alone,
And o'er its far-off hour of dreams
Thine image high enthroned;
But oh! the moon and sea,
The earth and star meet never,
And things as deep, and dark and wide,
Divide your paths forever.

B.

L.—The chain of ice that winter binds
Holds not for aye the sparkling rill,
It melts away when summer shines,
And leaves the waters sparkling still;
Then let thy cheek resume the smile
That shed such sunny light before;
For though he left thee for awhile,
He will return, nor leave thee more.

Wm. Leggett.

23.

That jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in naught, *content*.

Wilbye.

24.

G.—All day, like some fair bird content to sing.
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro,
While ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips (fresh from the fount below),
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gushing in its flow—
Light household duties, evermore enwrought
With placid fancies of one noble heart

B.

That liveth in her smile, and hither turns,
From life's cold seeming, and the busy mart,
With tenderness that homeward ever yearns
To be refreshed where that pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence, the mockery of life.
Thus will she live content, thy meek, fond, trusting wife,
Mrs. E. O. Smith.

L.—When you play he'll turn the leaves,
When you work he'll hold the skein,
Kindly soothe whatever grieves,
When you laugh he'll laugh again ;
Read aloud in rainy weather,
Give you up the easy-chair ;
Never smoke when you're together,
Nor at other women stare.

Pay your bills when you require it,
Fill your purse with joyful haste,
Buy every thing as you desire it,
Trusting to your better taste.
What a blessing will his life be,
Best of dreams, because 'tis true !
What a treasure will his wife be !
He'll almost wish that he had two !

25.

A fortune more precious than silver or gold,
One that wisdom most sagely approves,

B.

A *heart* stored with richest affections untold,
And a *mind* on a diamond that moves.

D. M. A.

26.

A pair of black eyes
Of a handsome size,
And a lip so bewitchingly curled,
'Tis enough to capsize
The intentions wise
Of the most resolute heart in the world.

G.

1.

G.—Hers is a mild and gentle power,
 That prospers in affliction's hour;
 And when the heartlessness of friends
 Falls like a pestilence, and brings
 To hope's own fair imaginings
 Its withering breath, oh, then she lends
 Her words of solace; and her smile
 Like moonbeams on a ruined pile,
 Comes with an influence to bless
 Where all seemed drear and comfortless;
 And sheds around such holy light
 As makes e'en desolation bright.

Barber.

L.—All his perfections have an "if,"
 His virtues all a "but;"
 His gait is graceful, but too stiff,
 His mouth well shaped—if shut.
 Even his blushes some defect
 Supply for folks to scan,
 In morals he is quite correct,
 He's not a "handsome man."

2.

When the wintry storms have all passed by,
 And there's warmth again in the brilliant sky,
 When the smiling fields are all covered with green,
 And the swallow abroad on his pinions is seen,

c.

When the fragrance of roses again fills the air,
Then you shall be married—haste, haste, and prepare.

3.

Many arrows
Come to one mark ; far distant rivers flow
Ten thousand ways, yet meet in one main sea ;
How many lines close in the dial's centre !
So will your various purposes at last
Meet with another's in one fixed resolve,
And you will wed !

Aaron Hill

4.

Want sense, and the world will o'erlook it,
Want feeling, 'twill find some excuse ;
But if the world knows you want money,
You are certain to get its abuse ;
The wisest advice in existence,
Is ne'er on its kindness to call ;
The best way to get its assistance,
Is to show you don't want it at all.

5.

Seek science as if thou hadst long to live ;
Seek virtue as if thou wert soon to die.

Herder.

C.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys, are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do, or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

5.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passion's hours despond;
 Nor the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond,

Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven ; but one by one ;
 Take them, lest the chain be broken
 Ere life's pilgrimage be done.

Christian Treasury

6.

Thou hast a friend that's false——
 ——Oh, he's a summer insect,
 And loves the sunshine ; on his gilded wings
 While the scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round,
 And sing his flatteries to two alike ;
 The scales once fixed, he'll settle on the winner,
 And swear his prayers drew down the victory.

Young.

7.

If we may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
 Your dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

Shakspeare.

8.

That you assume reserve, gravity, and silence, to gain
 credit for that sense and information which you are con-

8.

scious you do not possess ; and that you are like the poor and vain man, who places strong padlocks on his trunks, so that the visitor may suppose they contain valuable articles, though he knows himself they are quite empty.

9.

G.—You are in love ! 'Tis proved by fifty things,
And first and foremost, you deny it, sir,—
A certain sign ; and other things betray,
As dullness, moodiness, moroseness, shyness,
A lover is the dullest thing on earth,
I'd stake my credit on this single fact ;
Who but a lover—or his antipodes,
A wise man—ever found out that the use
Of his tongue was to hold it ? You're in love !

L.—Thy heart, wrung by sorrow, and outraged by those it has loved, is perishing beneath the torture, or as a resource, will petrify beneath the dripping well of life !

Mrs. Ellis.

10.

G.—Be not too ready to condemn
The wrongs thy brothers may have done ;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask—" Have I none ?"

Eliza Cook.

L.—Life's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt ;

C.

Amid its brightest joys will steal
pectres of evil yet to feel—
Its warmest love is blent with fears,
Its confidence a trembling one,
Its smile—the harbinger of tears,
Its hope—the change of April's sun!
A weary lot—in mercy given
To fit the chastened soul for heaven.

Whittier.

11.

Unutterable happiness—which love
Alone bestows, and on a favored few.

12.

This shall be granted—that your means shall lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high;
Some honor you shall have,
Not from great deeds—but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumor can ope the grave;
Acquaintance you shall have, such as depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Cowley.

13.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But all may do what's better—may deserve it!

Addison.

C.

Ever constant, ever true,
Let the word be, No surrender ;
Boldly dare, and greatly do ;
This shall bring you bravely through ;
No surrender, no surrender !
Though the skies be overcast,
And upon the sleety blast,
Disappointments gather fast,
Beat them off with, No surrender !

Constant and courageous still,
Mind, the word is, No surrender !
Battle, though it be up-hill ;
Stagger not at seeming ill,
No surrender, no surrender !
Hope—and thus your hope fulfill—
There's a way where there's a will,
And the way all cares to kill
Is to give them—No surrender !

Tupper.

14.

Let not one look of Fortune cast you down ;
She were not Fortune if she did not frown ;
Such as do braveliest bear her scorns awhile,
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

Lord Orrery.

15.

G.—You'll meet her at a country ball ;
There where the sound of flute and fiddle

C.

Gives signal sweet through the old hall
 Of "hands across," and "down the middle."
"Præd.

L.—Nothing is so easy for a lady as to introduce herself
 —but recollect that nothing is more difficult than to do it
 gracefully, and without offending the rules of modesty and
 propriety. *D. M. A.*

16.

G.—If you would wish to shine in the "beau monde"
 And gain the good opinion of the fair,
 No conjuration in this world is found
 So good as flattery's enticing air;
 I've seen it often tried, and never yet
 Have seen it fail to catch them in the net.

L.—Try flattery—few men can stand the proof,
 If properly applied, and strong enough.
D. M. A.

17.

G.—I think there is a rival in the case,
 A very rich, and very stupid fellow.
Sargent.

L.—The bee thro' many a garden roves,
 And hums the lay of courtship o'er,
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there, and sings no more.
Moore

C.

18.

G.—She loves the invisible lutes of the air,
 The chords that vibrate to the hands of the fair,
 Where minstrelsy brightens the midnight of care,
 And steals to the heart like a dove;
 But even in melody there is a choice,
 And though she in all its sweet forms may rejoice,
 There's none thrills her soul like the tones of the voice
 When breathed by the one she doth love.

L.—He longs not for the cherries on the trees,
 So much as those which on a lip he sees;
 And more affection bears he to the rose
 That in a cheek than in a garden grows.

Randolph.

19.

'Twill range and ramble wherever it will,
 And as it lists, be fierce or still—
 Gentle and mild with the morning light,
 Yet growl like a fettered fiend ere night;
 'Twill love, and cherish, and bless to-day
 What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away.

Willis.

20.

G.—To have a breast at sorrow's call
 To tremble like her own;

G.

If from her eyes the tear-drops fall,
 They should not fall alone;
 With soul, like heaven's aerial bow,
 To blend each light within its glow
 Of joy, or sorrow known.

Albany Advertiser.

L.—That he may have an eye to gaze in his,
 An ear to listen for his coming step—
 A voice of love, with tones like joy's own bells,
 To ring their silver changes on his ear!
 A yielding hand to thrill within his own,
 And lips of melting sweetness, full and warm,
 To tell him that the precious boon of love
 Shall bless his heart till earthly life shall end.

Grace Greenwood.

21.

G.—Trust her not—her words, though sweet,
 Seldom with her heart do meet;
 All her practice is deceit;
 Every gift, it is a bait;
 Not a kiss but poison bears,
 And most treason in her tears.

Ben Jonson.

L.—They told you when you knew him first
 He was not made for loving,
 That next St. Valentine's would see
 His truant heart gone roving;

G.

That he would weary of your love,
Turn from you, and forever !
That you would meekly bow and weep,
But chide the rover never.

Ah ! those were mournful prophecies,
To cloud the sky of youth,
And you and he but little thought
So soon to test their truth !
You have those sad truths witnesses,
Proofs manifold, and living,
He is *for-getting* your poor heart,
And you are still *for-giving* !

Grace Greenwood.

22.

G.—If to treasure every token,
Every look, and every sign,
Every light word thou hast spoken,
Be to love thee—she is thine.

Mrs. V. E. Howard.

L.—He loves thee—not because thy brow
Is bright and beautiful as day,
Nor that, on thy sweet lip, the glow
Is joyous as the sunny ray ;
No—though he saw thee fairest far,
The sun, that hid each meaner star,
Yet 'twas not this that taught him first
The love that silent tears have nursed.

C.

And now, could every beauty wane,
 Till not one noble trace remain;
 Could genius sink in dull decay,
 And wisdom cease to lend her ray;
 Should all that he has worshipped, change,
 E'en this would not his heart estrange;
 Thou still would'st be the first, the first,
 That taught the love sad tears have nursed.

Mrs. Embury.

23.

G.—Call in the evening, or call in the morning,
 Call when you're looked for, or call without warning,
 Kisses and welcome you'll find there before you;
 And the oftener you call there, the more she'll adore
 you.

Light is her heart since the day you were plighted,
 Red is her cheek that they told you ~~was~~ blighted;
 The green of the tree looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"
 O, your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer.
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor.
 She'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above her,
 Then, wandering, she'll wish you, in silence, to love her.
 You'll look on the stars, and you'll list to the river,
 'Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
 O, she'll whisper you, "Love, as unchangeable beaming,
 And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly streaming,
 Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 And our souls flow in one down eternity's river"

O.

So, call in the evening, or call in the morning,
Call when you're looked for, or call without warning,
Kisses and welcome will be there before you,
And the oftener she sees you the more she'll adore you.

L.—

Couldst thou live

Were he a week away ? Seven days and nights !
Eightscore eight hours ! and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times !
Oh, weary reckoning would it be for thee !
Ah, he must come before, or thou wilt die.

Shakspeare.

24.

G.—In deeds of charity her soul delights ;
In mercy, justice, and in human rights ;
Her liberal heart deviseth liberal things ;
Her hand o'er every path some sunbeam flings.

L.—High endeavors are his inward light,
That make the path before him always bright ;
He fixes good on good alone, then owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

Wordsworth.

25.

G.—'Tis hers to train earth's human flowers,
Ever as now to reach fair learning's side,
To walk among them in their rosiest hours,
And lead their footsteps to those temple bowers,

C.

Wherein, with calm and classic thought, preside
The mind's high deities. Mid classic lore,
'Tis hers to know and teach one language more,—
The lessons breathing of that Light Divine,
Without which, other lights all dim and vainly shine.

L.—Within his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
He lives, the master of a village school.

Goldsmith.

26.

A home
That's covered with sweet creeping shrubs,
And has a porch of evergreens. It stands
Beneath the shelter of a maple tree,
Whose boughs spread over it like a green tent;
'Tis beautiful in summer with gay flowers;
And in the winter cheerful with its hearth,
Where blazes the wood fire—that light
So fraught with memories of heart and home.

D.

1.

G.— Oh, if the joys of life
Are linked with wealth, and fortune's gifts alone
Can make thee happy, then thy cup of joy
Will fill e'en to o'erflowing.

H. Pickering.

L.—A rich man's son, he will have lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
He will inherit soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold;
Nor dare to wear a garment old—
A heritage, it seems to me
One would not care to hold in fee.

A rich man's son, he will have cares,
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands would scarcely earn
A living that would suit his turn—
A heritage, it seems to me
One would not care to hold in fee.

J. R. Lowell.

2.

G.—An angel face ! its sunny wealth of hair
In radiant ripples bathes the graceful throat,
And dimpled shoulders ; round the rosy curve
Of the sweet mouth a smile seems wandering ever,

D.

While in the depths of azure fire that gleam
Beneath the drooping lashes, sleeps a world
Of eloquent meaning—passionate, but pure,
Dreamy—subdued—but oh, how beautiful!

Mrs. Osgood.

L.—He's tall and graceful, and his eyes
Of the same hue that summer skies
In their unclouded view impart;
The true and constant friend is he,
Who, like the "arbor vitæ" tree,
Will bear your image on his heart.

3.

G.—There is no use in wasting time
In making up your mind,
For if you're single one year more
-A wife you'll never find.

L.—When truth and nature, both combined
With fancy, shall improve your mind,
And make you worthy of a lot,
Which, until then, you merit not.

4.

G.—At threescore winters' end you'll die,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot you'll never tie,
And wish your father never had.

D.

L.—Coldly to yourself sufficing,
You'll disdain the gentle arts,
Never know the bliss arising
From an interchange of hearts.
Slowly from your bosom stealing,
Flows the selfish current on,
Till by age's frost congealing,
It will harden into stone.

Schiller.

5.

Unto empty boasting never,
Of the work you do, be led ;
'Tis the shallow stream that ever
Babbles loudest o'er its bed.

Holding all men as your brothers,
Use to all a Christian tone ;
Tolerate the faith of others,
Clinging closely to your own.

From no duty think of shrinking,
Nurse no thoughts of doubt, or gloom ;
And with conscience light keep thinking
On a life beyond the tomb.

With unflagging nerve and sinew,
Toil, as toil you ought, and may •
As you set out, so continue,
Though all thorny be the way.

D.

Like the tortoise of the fable,
Still move on, although you creep,
Lest that, like the hare unstable,
Near the goal you sink to sleep.

On then ! forward !—fearless onward !
Till your destined task be done ;
With an eye of hope cast sunward,
Though your toil be but begun.

6.

Attend strictly to your own concerns ; for we all have in our own lives follies enough ; in our own minds troubles enough ; and in the performance of our own duties, deficiencies enough ; without being curious after the affairs of others.

7.

One that meriteth esteem need never lack a friend.
Tupper.

8.

G.— That when *she's* near,
The sweetest joys still sweeter seem,
The brightest hopes more bright appear,
And life is all one happy dream
When *she* is near.

Robert Sweeney.

D.

L.—That in thy soul, with folded wing,
A pure and happy hope is sleeping;
While Love low lullabies doth sing,
His vigil o'er it keeping.
And that no care or grief shall wave
Its cold and blighting pinions o'er it,
For Love shall guard that spirit hope,
Till Heaven dawn before it.

Mrs. Osgood.

9.

That yours is ever
An easy trust, a prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true.

Moore.

How small, how trivial is the cause,
That swells the shout of men's applause;
And just as trivial, and as slight,
Is that which wins their hate or spite.
He who is wise, will live above
The poor world's enmity, or love.

Acton.

10.

G.—It is astonishing what a little matter will disturb a
person about committing a dishonest act!

D.

L.—If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not
again ;
If that pleasant song is forgotten it is to be learned no
more ;
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early
affection ;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a
reproachful spirit,
Moaning in *Æolian* strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot *siroccos* of the world have withered its one
oasis. *Tupper.*

11.

G.—Of “duns”—who constantly shall tease,
And swarm about you like the bees
Which plague a weed for honey ;
While you shall answer their appeals
With jokes, evasions, orders, meals,
With everything but—money !

L.—Of love of self—the upas of the mind.

12.

G.—Good luck this year your wishes shall attain,
And crown your efforts with increasing gain.

D. M. A.

L.—Before twelve months are past and gone,
To the altar you'll be led ;
Before twelve more have rolled away,
You'll wish your husband dead.

D.

13.

In this wide world, the fondest and the best,
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed.

Crabbe.

Life is before ye ! from the fated road
Ye cannot turn ; then take ye up the load—
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,
Ye *must* go o'er it, meet ye what ye may !
Gird up your soul within ye to the deed,
Angels and fellow spirits bid ye speed !
What though the brightness wane, the pleasure fade,
The glory dim ? oh, not of *these* is made
The awful life that to your trust is given ;
A child of God ! inheritor of Heaven !
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy ;
We are ordained to do, not to enjoy ;
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare ;
A holy burthen is this life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly ;
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly ,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin ;
But onward, upward, till the goal we win !
God guide ye, and God guard ye on your way,
Young warrior-pilgrim, setting forth to-day !

Fanny Kemble Butler.

14.

Success in what we wish depends
Much on ourselves, and some upon our friends,

D.

If you're determined to succeed,
 With friends to help in time of need,
 You need not fear to fail ;
 For when we are determined on
 A thing, already half is done—
 Persist—and you'll prevail.

D. M. A.

15.

Not always are our noblest efforts crowned
 With the success their merits should have found;
 The good oft perish in a noble cause,
 While the vile flourish, and secure applause.

16.

Presumptuous fool ! such vain desires give o'er,
 Nor let so high thy aspirations soar,
 How fast thy hopes, that spurn thy humble source
 Spring to the skies, beyond the eagle's course;
 Such vain desires give o'er, contract thy aim,
 Debase thy thoughts, and pant for meaner fame.

17.

G.—Good nature will the conquest gain,
 Though wit and beauty sigh in vain.

Iago.

D.

L.—You must look down, and blush ;
 You must look up, and sigh ;
 With a smile on your lip,
 And a tear in your eye.

18.

G.—May slighted woman turn
 And as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her leaning trust again ?
 Oh no ! by all her loveliness—by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty, no !
 Make her a slave ; steal from her rosy cheek
 By needless jealousies ; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain ;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But oh ! estrange her once—it boots not how—
 By wrong, or silence—anything that tells
 A change has come upon your tenderness,—
 And there is not a feeling out of heaven
 Her pride o'ermastereth not.

Willis.

L.—Believe not the slander, believe not the tale,
 For the ice of the world hath not frozen his heart,
 In his innermost spirit there still is a shrine,
 Where thou art remembered all pure as thou art

D.

The dark tide of years, as it bears him along,
 Though it sweep away hope, in its turbulent flow,
 Cannot drown the low voice of love's eloquent song,
 Nor chill with its waters his faith's early glow.

19.

G.—She is more fond of music, waltz and reel,
 Than social duties, or the spinning-wheel.

L.—To every houseless child of want
 His door is open still;
 And though his portion is but scant,
 He gives it with good will. *Goldsmith.*

20.

G.—Frank, obedient, waiting still
 On the turnings of your will.
Mrs. E. B. Browning.

L.—His manly heart hath hidden wells,
 O'erflowing with transparent streams,
 Of every noble grace that dwells
 E'en in a seraph's sweetest dreams;
 And ever does their sheeny wave
 Alike for saint and sinner flow,
 For rich and poor, for lord and slave,
 And all do bless him here below.

21.

Not having had trouble enough, matrimony must even be
 tried.

D.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

“ Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore ;”
“ Oh, never was maid so deserted before.”
“ From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for sympathy !”

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
“ The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When the summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in sympathy.”

Reginald Heber.

22.

G —Maidens, in modesty, say No to that
Which they would have the profferers construe Aye.
Shakspeare.

L.—He thinks he loves you very much,
The idol of his soul.
He thinks your father's fortune large,
And that you'll get the whole.
He thought to-night he would propose,
And thus end all his pain ;
But then it grew so very dark,
It looked too much like rain ;
And so he did not come to-night,
To-morrow eve will do ;

D.

But as he has cigars on hand,
He's smoking one or two.

23.

G.—Her passion is no sunborn flower, a moment steals to
light;
Then wastes its bloom in one brief day, and withers in a
night,
But like the tree that lifts its head amid the northern
snows,
And steadfast weathers every breeze, and every blast that
blows.

L.—He will love thee no more, 'tis a waste of the heart,
This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part;
And he who the world will thus barter for one,
I ween by such traffic must soon be undone;
He will love thee no more, for no love is without
Its limit in measure, and his has run out;
You engross it all now, and till some you restore
Of that which you have, how *can* he love more?

G. P. Morris.

24.

Oh, how impatience gains upon the soul
When the long promised hour of joy draws near!
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!

Mrs. Tigue.

D.

25.

G.—Her graceful wit—but 'tis enwrought
Ever with kindness of thought.

Campbell.

L.—He is strangely bewitched by that sort of renown
Which consists in becoming "the talk of the town,"
And to hear from the gazing and mouth-open throng,
The dear words, "that's he," as he trudges along;
While beauty, all anxious, stands on her tip-toes,
Leans on her beau's shoulder, and lisps "*There he goes!*"

26.

G.—Her occupation shall principally consist in making
herself more agreeable to others than to her companion.

L.—Lured by its charms he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate.

Sprague.

E

1.

G.—A literary station high,
She'll fill with honor to the cause,
For none who read her will deny
Well-merited and just applause.

L.—His genius senates shall admire,
Yet mourn that like a lambent fire
To wanderers benighted,
It leads his cause through mists and fogs,
To faction's whirlpool, party's bogs,
Where all is sunk and blighted.

2.

Ask for the heart that's rich in worth,
Although in worldly riches poor ;
The want of fortune upon earth,
Is not the worst want we endure.
The want of feeling, temper, trust,
The want of truth—where hearts are sought,
Gold, blent to these, is worse than dust,
With no such gold can love be bought.

3.

G.—Her beauty is as undenied
As the beauty of a star,
And her heart beats just as equally,
Whate'er her praises are ;

E.

And so long without a parallel,
Her loveliness has shone,
That, followed like the tided moon,
It moves as calmly on.

Willis.

L.—Though it seems quite incredible, yet I've been told,
He once was an infant, but with years will be old;
He oft is awake in the day-time 'tis said,
But he falls fast asleep every night in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always moves when he talks,
And his whole body goes straight ahead when he walks;
His gait is so odd, when you see him you'll burst,
For one foot or other is sure to be first.

He seldom, or never can see without light.
And yet they do say he can hear in the night;
His mouth stands across 'twixt his nose and his chin,
And by this you may know him as soon as he's seen.

From the Convivial Songster, 1782.

4.

Before the altar you shall soon
Repeat the marriage vow,
Nor ever after deem the pledge
Less holy, pure, than now.
You'll feel that 'tis no common tie
That binds your youthful heart,
But one that truth alone should weave,
And only falsehood part.

C. Jeffries

E.

5.

G.—You know you are engaged
Right soon the knot to tie,
Your very countenance betrays
You asked but jestingly.

L.—The ring is on your hand,
The wreath is on your brow ;
Satins and jewels grand,
And many a rood of land
Are all at your command,
Are you not happy now ?

E. A. Poe.

6.

G.—Wouldst thou, my friend, be wise and virtuous deemed,
By all mankind a prodigy esteemed ?
Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within ;
Sin if thou wilt but then in secret sin.
This maxim's into common favor grown—
Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
Be this thy rule—be what men prudent call ;
Prudence, almighty Prudence gives thee all.

Churchill.

L.—By self-denying habits, by simple tastes, and b.
unpretending manners.

Acton.

II.

7.

To become wiser drink *sage* tea, and to become happier
drink *balm* tea.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man, as from the passing air ;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare.
Ere earth-born indolence unnerve thee quite,
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might !

Has immortality of name been given
To those that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven ?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves ?
Did Paul gain Heaven's glory, and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece ?

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above ;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself inactive, were no longer blest.

Carlos Wilcox.

8.

You are one of those whose enemies are to be pitied
much, but your *friends* more. *Colton.*

E.

Oh ! what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ?
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ? *Goldsmith*

9.

You have dreams of a fair little cot of your own,
Where Love and Contentment shall smile ;
Of a form that is near you when daylight is done.
And a hand in your own all the while ;
You have dreams of a casement thrown up to the night,
With roses and vines peeping through ;
And while you are dreaming these dreams of delight,
Some one else dreams the same dreams as *you* !
 Caroline A. Briggs.

10.

G.—Envy will merit, like a shade pursue ;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true.
 Pope.

L.—That if you ever chance to wed
 (And they think it is a chance),
They pity your dear better half,
For in truth he'll have to dance,

11.

G.—A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her bird depart,
A stripling for a woman's heart. *Scott.*

H.

L.—The feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain,

Longfellow.

12.

G.—You are not in danger of doing a wise thing ; less
of doing a cunning thing ; and least of all of doing a gener-
ous thing.

L.—You think it very nice, indeed,
To have a gay flirtation ;
But oh, beware ! it often brings
An old maid's chilly station.

13.

There are some evils so frightful, and some misfortunes
so terrible, that we dare not think of them ; the very pros-
pect makes us tremble ;—but if they chance to fall on us,
we find more relief than we could imagine ; we arm our-
selves against fortune that is perverse, and do better than
we hoped for.

14.

A country life, without the strife
And noise, and din of town,
'Tis all you need, then take no heed
Of splendor or renown ;

E.

And when you die, you then shall lie
Where trees above you wave,
While flowers shall bloom around your tomb,
A quiet country grave.

15.

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
Congreve.

What matters it?—a few years more
Life's surge, so restless heretofore,
Shall break upon the unknown shore.

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere.

Yet, if the spirit, gazing through
The vista of the past, can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true ;

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,
Of idle aims, and misspent hours,

The eye can note one sacred spot,
By pride and self profanèd not,
A green place in the waste of thought,

E.

Better than Glory's pomp will be
That green and blessed spot to thee,
A landmark in Eternity!

J. G. Whittier.

16.

Perhaps it may—but in that wish you'll find
Life's every hope and joy are all enshrined—
And ne'er before to mortal wish was given
So much of happiness this side of heaven.

17.

Go, gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

Percival.

18.

G.—She's thinking now that at the time
When first your arm stole round her,
You little dreamed how long your soul
In golden chains had bound her;
And apropos of chains, she thinks
Of one she saw last week
For sale,—the sweetest love—so rich,—
So tasteful—so unique;
The workmanship was quite superb,
The gold most fine, and pure,—
She's longing now to see that chain
Suspend your miniature!

E.

You'll purchase the exquisite thing ?
 'Twill suit her taste completely ;
 Above the heart that loves you then
 'Twill rise and fall so sweetly !

Grace Greenwood.

L.—Die of a broken heart—on paper !

P. J. Bailey.

19.

G.—Rememberest thou a little word,
 A thoughtless word, in anger spoken ?
 A word that pierced a gentle heart,
 And left upon her cheek its token.

Y. G. P.

G.—You stand beside her when she sings
 The songs of other days,
 And whisper in love's thrilling tones
 The words of heartfelt praise ;
 And often in her eyes you look
 Some answering love to see—
 In vain ! you there can only read
 The faith of memory.

You little know what thoughts awake
 With every gentle word ;
 How by your looks and tones the founts
 Of tenderness are stirred :

E.

The visions of her youth return,
Joys far too bright to last ;
And while you speak of future bliss,
She thinks but of the past.

Like lamps in eastern sepulchres—
Amid her heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon her husband's tomb ;
And as those lamps, if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So her soul's love is cold and dead,
Unless it glow for him. *Mrs. Embury.*

L.—Cold he is not—though brighter eyes
May beam with sparkling fire ;
He'll not forget thee, though fair forms
May cause him to admire ;
Within his bosom beats a heart
From sin and folly free,
And in the bloom of youthful hope,
He gave that heart to thee.

20.

Most fond of pleasure—whose delusive powers
Oft steal the heart from wisdom's brightest hours.

21.

G.—Sweet promptings unto kindly deeds
Are in her very look ;

H.

We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seems,
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her voice
A sound that cannot die.

The measure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts can move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

The blessings of her quiet life
Around her gently flow,
And good thoughts, where her footsteps press,
Like fairy blossoms grow.

And half we deem she needeth not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walks an angel here. *Whittier.*

L.—His is a self-renouncing heart,
One gentle, thoughtful, earnest, kind ;
Not his the heedless, careless one,
That speaks a cold and selfish mind.

His is the cheerful, ready heart,
That meets the want the eye perceives ;
Not his the one that waits till asked,
And then reluctantly relieves.

H.

His is the truly pitying heart
That can another's burdens bear;
And his (more rare!) that generous one,
That in another's joy can share!

E. G.

22.

To have a sympathising friend
In every good and ill,
Bound by a more endearing bond,
A tie more tender still.

23.

G.—Oh, if that tone, that blush, be part
Of changeful woman's wily art,
If that soft smile, so fond, yet shy,
Speak not the language of the heart,
That trembling lid droop not to hide
The tell-tale love within her eye,
Then hope not thou on earth to find
Sincerity in woman kind.

L.—To gain your affection and love,
Then offer a heart in return,
You would cherish and prize far above
All that riches or glory could earn.
Then guard all your actions with care,
From pride and deception refrain,
For a jewel so precious and rare
Is a wealth you were wise to obtain,

E.

24.

G.—Of your teasings and pleadings,
She's heartily sick,
Of course if she loved you,
She'd tell you so quick ;
What use or advantage
In wooing like this ?
When a woman says *no* !
Do you think she means *yes* ?
The longer you tease her
The colder she'll grow ;
Then take her last answer—
Remember—'twas *no* !

L.—No, he is fickle as the sea, as wavering as the wind,
And the restless, ever-mounting flame is not more hard to
bind ;
If the tears you'll shed were tongues, yet all too few they'd
be
To tell of all the treachery that he will show to thee.

Bryant.

25.

You'll mourn the hour when first you met,
Since you but met to part,
When first that artless sweetness won
Your wild unfettered heart ;
You'll meet no more—your youthful dreams
You'll find as false as fair,
You'll meet no more—but must awake
To love, and to despair.

E.

26.

G.—She thinks that nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.
Milton.

L.—Give him the boon of love ;
Renown is but a breath,
Whose loudest echo ever floats
From out the halls of death.
A loving eye beguiles him more
Than fame's emblazoned zeal,
And one sweet note of tenderness,
Than triumph's wildest peal.
Tuckerman.

F.

1.

G.—Laces and jewels, and fashionable clothes,
Music and dancing, and plenty of beaux.

L.—What to him were this world, and its burden of care
But a fetter of clay that in slavery bound him,
Were his troubles not soothed by the smiles of the Fair,
And if Poetry spread not its magic around him?

Oh, Woman and Poetry! each is a treasure
A mine of delight that enriches life's span;
The first is a ministering angel of pleasure,
While the gift of the next makes an angel of man.

2.

F.—The gay belle of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillion—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing and painting, and musical skill;
But, whether she lives in the country or city,
Her home and its duties are dear to her heart,
She cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
And plies her swift needle with exquisite art,
The bright little needle—the swift flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

Samuel Woodworth

L.—Your sailor-lover ever is in motion,
Roaming about, he scarce knows where, or why.

F

He looks upon the dim and shadowy ocean
 As home—abhors the land—and e'en the sky
 Boundless and beautiful, has naught to please,
 Except some clouds, which promise him a breeze.

He thinks his dialect the very best
 That ever flowed from any human lip,
 And whether in his prayers, or at a jest,
 Uses the terms for managing a ship;
 Which is a set of phrases that on land
 The wisest head could never understand.

Hail to the sailor! his eventful life,
 His generous spirit, his contempt for danger,
 His firmness in the gale, the wreck and strife—
 And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,
 God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,
 Where storms are hushed, and billows break no more.

Walter Colton.

3.

G.—It is not much the world can give,
 With all its subtle art,
 And gold and gems are not the things
 To satisfy the heart;
 But oh! if those who cluster round
 The altar and the hearth,
 Have gentle words, and loving smiles,
 How beautiful is earth!

F.

L.—A husband, very rich indeed
Will fall unto your lot ;
But still your happy girlhood days
Will never be forgot.

4.

G.—She is all that your fancy can paint,
She is all that your soul may adore ;
As bright as a seraph, as pure as a saint,
You could wish not, or ask not for more.

L.—His virtues lie concealed, and love alone
In its research can open wide the wealth
Of his benignant soul, and bring to light
Its hidden jewels. The lone, suffering heart,
The humble poor, the sorrowing and forlorn,
These know his worth. Oh, is not fame like this,
Beyond the praises of a heartless world ?

5.

When intellectual graces shine,
Though in the meanest garment drest,
When virtue, truth, and sweetness join
To improve the breast ;
Though fancy frown, reason will still approve
And Hymen's bonds shall soon confirm your love.

6.

G.—On the day when to Jove the black list was presented,
The list of what Fate for your lot here intends,

F.

At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children, and
friends.

R. W. Spencer.

L.—You shall—for even in this beautiful world, with the
warm sun and fresh air about you, you would consider life
poor indeed, if you could not make the happiness of others.

7.

Do not give thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take
thee prisoner. A word unspoken, is like a sword in the
scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand.
If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy
tongue.

Quarles.

8.

G.—Up to the strife with care,
Be thine an oaken heart,
Life's daily contest bravely bear,
Nor act a craven part;
Give murmurs to the coward throng,
Be thine the joyous notes of song.

L.—Be thine that soul-superior power,
That conquest over fate
Which sways the weakness of the hour,
Rules little things as great;

F.

That lulls the human waves of strife,
 With words and feelings kind,
 And makes the trials of this life,
 The triumphs of the mind.

Charles Swain

9.

You have many
 Who would smile when smoothing down
 The lonely couch, and doing generous deeds ;
 Many too, who have a healing spirit—
 Such friends heal with a searching balsam.

Percival

10.

G.— It signifies that there are hopes
 Promising well, and love-taught dreams for some,
 And passions, many a wild one ; and fair schemes
 For gold and pleasure. Dreams alas ! how false !
 Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
 Troubled at best ; Love is a lamp unseen,
 Burning to waste, or if its light is found,
 Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken ;
 Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
 And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
 Oh, if there were not better hopes than these—
 If truth, and fervor, and devotedness,
 Finding no worthy altar, must return
 And die of their own fullness—if beyond

F.

The grave there is no heaven, in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants, the lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice mocked fools are we !*

Willis.

L.—That if in wiles of coquetry
Your single days are past ;
An aged sire of sixty-three,
Must be your spouse at last.

11.

G.—That your morals are bad, you've heard it from many,
But they lie, every one—for *you never had any.*

L.—Men do respect thee, and they fain would love,
But that thy heart is cold as polar snows ;
Thou dost all common weakness rise above,
And they do marvel if thy spirit knows
One touch of human weakness—if there flows
Through thee one current of affection's stream,
If so—then thou art other than they deem.

12.

G.—You, out of carelessness or art,
Have made a gentle spirit grieve,
And you must bow your haughty heart,
And breathe that little word—"forgive !"
Oh, 'tis the theme the sweetest far
That trembles on the lyre of Heaven,

F.

For all who swell the pean there,
Must sing of sins and faults forgiven.

L.—The worldling is like the hind wheel of a carriage:
always following after the front wheel of happiness, but
never reaching it.

13.

G.—When well-formed features beauty's offspring speak,
And health's warm blushes tinge the youthful cheek,
When words polite, and sentiments refined
Are vouchers for the beauty of the mind,
Whate'er the station, be it *poor* or *rich*,
You're then in danger—she's a very witch. •

L.—Of undergoing extinction in drawing-rooms,—of
surrendering your divine faculties to wither in lamp-light,
and be wafted away in perfume and praise.

"Literary Lions."

14.

It may be that thou wilt forget thy grief,
It may be time has good in store for thee ;
It may be that thy heart will find relief
From sorrows now unknown. Futurity
May bear within its folds some hidden spring,
From which will issue blessed streams ; and yet,
Whate'er of joy the coming year may bring,
The past—the past—thou never will forget.

Mrs. S. J. Hale.

F.

15.

Your days, though few, will pass below
In much of joy, though much of woe ;
Yet still, in hours of love or strife,
You'll 'scape the weariness of life. *Byron.*

Thou must suffer, ere thy spirit
Shall attain its highest goal !
Opens there no smoother pathway
To the upward struggling soul ?
No—like seed that through thick darkness
Gropes its way above the sod,
So that soul of thine must ever
Struggle through the dark to God.

Light untempered pales the blossom,
Suns unclouded blight the grain—
So the Love that's winged with Wisdom,
Calls the clouds and gives them rain.
Thou, a plant in God's great garden,
Grain within His guarded field,
Need'st thou not, as well as sunshine,
Rain, to make thee thrive and yield ?

Life is toil—they live, they only,
Who amid their daily cares,
See a mighty end upspringing,
Like choice wheat among the tares.
They who patience glean from trial,
Strength from struggle, hope from pain,

F.

They twice live—on earth, in heaven—

They who live once, live again !

Caroline A. Briggs.

16.

'Tis folly all for us, poor worms, to trace

The map of our own path—for oft ere years

With their dull steps the brilliant lines efface,

Stern disappointment blots them out in tears.

17.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice ;

Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.

Havard.

18.

A needless question that, for you to ask,

And certainly of very little use—

None that you know would undertake the task,

Where "impudence" itself can introduce.

19.

G.—Take an opportunity of praising her to her most intimate friend, but with a solemn injunction of secrecy. Of course, the friend will infallibly inform her principal, the first moment she sees her, and this is a mode of flattery which always succeeds.

Colton.

P.

L.—'Tis o'er the empire of the heart
That woman holds the reign,
Where what she conquers not by art
Her tears will e'er obtain.

20.

G.—Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise your passion : such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts.

Gay.

L.—Your coldness he heeds not,
Your frown he'll defy,
Your affection he needs not,
The time has gone by
When a blush, or a smile, on that cheek would beguile
His heart from its safety with witchery's wile.
Then, lady, look kindly,
Or frown on him still,
No longer all blindly
He'll yield to your will ;
Too tightly you drew the light reins of command,
And your victim is free, for they broke in your hand.

Mrs. Osgood.

21.

Most fond of the theatre, concert, and ball,
In the city or country to roam ;
Of fashion's loud frolic—of gaiety's hall—
Of *any* place, rather than home !

P.

22.

G.—A nature which has the carbonized tinder of irritability, the nitre of latent passion, and the sulphur of ill-humor—all lying in hot neighborhood, and close by a reverberating furnace of fancy. We have here the components of driest gunpowder, ready on occasion of the smallest spark to blaze up! And she finds, too, that sparks are nowhere wanting.

Carlyle.

L.—He, fairly looking into life's account,
Sees frowns and favors are of like amount;
And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse—
He says, "Content—'tis well it is no worse."

Crabbe.

A happy man is he; he knows the world, and cares not for it; after many traverses of thought, he is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands equally armed for all events; and he can so frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least he cannot want, because as far from desire as superfluity, for he walks cheerfully the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide, or more smooth. His strife is ever to redeem, and not to spend time. In spiritual things he is graciously ambitious. He walks ever in the midway betwixt hopes and fears, resolving to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but that which he must have. If all the world were his he could be no other than he is, no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage, because he knows content-

F.

ment is not in the things he hath, but in the mind that
values them.

Bishop Hall

23.

G.—She thinks that a day, hour, oh, even a minute
With one whose whole heart, feelings, thoughts, are her
own,
Hath more real exquisite happiness in it,
Than whole years of revelry boast of alone.

L.—Since the first dawn of reason that beamed on his mind
And taught him how favored by fortune his lot,
To share that good fortune he still was inclined,
And impart to who wanted, what he wanted not.

Dibdin.

24.

G.—Whene'er a thousand stars looks down
Into the dark and waveless Rhine—
To each a silver eye sends back
A look that whispers, "I am thine."

And poets say, throughout the night,
Soft-shaded by a favorite vine,
The bulbul sings unto the rose,
"Love me sweet angel, I am thine."

And she has heard that gentle maid
May breathe it to her valentine;
But never, until you shall ask,
Will she to you say "I am thine."

Mary Mather

F.

L.—He's dazzled by a bright black eye,
And melted by a blue,
He plays romantic to the soft,
And tender to the true ;
With the same piece of poetry,
And the same piece of prose,
He strives to win the reigning belle
In every place he goes.

*Willis.***25.**

G.— The mountain rill
Seeks with no surer flow the far bright sea,
Than her unchanged affection flows to thee.

Park Benjamin.

L.—He'll love thee while the clouds drop rain,
Or while there's water in the pathless main.

26.

I saw two winding streamlets flow
In calm and quiet pureness on,
Till in the valley far below,
They gently mingled into one ;
And thus, thought I, congenial hearts
In peaceful love at last will meet,
(Though distance for a season parts),
And mingle in communion sweet.

D. M. A.

G.

1.

How often is our path
Crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it—but whose course
Leads down another current—never more
To blend with ours ;—yet, far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image !

2.

G.—China's the passion of her soul :
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage ;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fixed on more strong, more sure foundations ?
Gay.

L.—Nothing's more sure at moments to take hold
Of the best feelings of his heart, which grow
More tender, as he each new day beholds,
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of his soul—the dinner bell !
Byron.

G.

3.

G.—She occupies her mind
In frivolous affairs—
Dress, novels, cards, combined,
Engross her chiefest cares.

L.—'Tis his to toil where trade's unceasing train
Absorbs each feeling of the soul in gain ;
Where busy commerce unremitting pours
Her varied treasures from a thousand stores ;
Where swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from the shore ;
Where hoards beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the country round.
There it is his to labor night and day,
In hopes that wealth will all his cares repay.

4.

A little, snug, and tidy farm,
And health and strength together ;
A little house to keep you warm,
In cold, or rainy weather.

5.

G.—A wild flower by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as the star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Wordsworth.

G.

L.—Of beauty just enough to bear inspection ;
 Of candor, sense and wit, a good collection ;
 Enough of love for one who needs protection,
 To scorn the words, "I'll keep her in subjection ;"
 Wisdom to guide her in each right direction,
 Nor blame a weaker vessel's imperfection.
 When once you've won such heart's sincere affection,
 Let him propose, and offer no objection.

6.

G.—Not while you continue to chase
 Each pretty bud under the sun,
 And think 'tis insulting the *race*
 To make a selection of *one*.

L.—When on the breath of autumn breeze,
 From pastures dry and brown,
 Goes floating, like an idle thought,
 The fair white thistle-down,
 A joyous wedding there will be,
 And we shall greet the bride in thee.

Alice Cary.

7.

G.—It is said that every perfect family must have either
 a fool or an old bachelor ; the fates decree that you shall
 constitute the perfection of your family in more respects
 than one.

Wm. E. Robinson.

G

L.—Once Love in myrtle shades reposed,
His bow and darts behind him slung,
And dewy twilight round him closed,
While you these numbers sung—
“Oh Love! thy sylvan bower
I'll fly while I've the power;
Thy primrose way leads maids where they
Love, honor, and obey.”

“Speed, arrow, to thy mark,” he cried—
Swift as a ray of light it flew!
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from your view!
Joy filled your sparkling eyes—
Love's captive by surprise;
And you *will* say, one bridal day,
“Love, honor, and obey.”

8.

G.—Oh, if thy spirit meet on earth but one
Whose heart in sympathy springs to thine own,
Who will with holy love, deep, pure, and free,
Be the bright star of home, loving but thee,
Cherish that priceless flower, hold the gem fast,
Fame, wealth, may fade away—*that* love will last.

L.—Let the cool stream of prudence temper the hot spring
of zeal;
Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answer;

G.

And teach that well-timed silence hath more eloquence
than speech.

So shalt thou gain thine honorable end, nor lose the wished-
for prize ;

So shalt thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy.

Tupper.

9.

Fear God, and besides him fear none but that man who
fears Him not.

One Niagara is enough for a continent or a world ; while
that same world needs thousands, and tens of thousands of
silver fountains, and gently flowing rivulets, that shall water
every farm, and every meadow, and every garden, and that
shall flow on every day and every night, with their gentle
and quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not
by great deeds only, like these of Howard—not by great
sufferings only, like these of the martyrs—that good is to be
done ; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Chris-
tian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness,
and the doing small duties cheerfully that we all may be
useful, and therefore happy.

Albert Barnes.

10.

You've friends in need, and friends indeed,

And this you'll find quite true,

For yours are all such needy friends,

No doubt they'll stick to you.

G.

11.

If like to any thing on earth
Thy nightly visions be,
They certainly portend the birth
Of something sad to thee ;
But if on Heaven, or things above,
Thy nightly visions rest
Then shall thy heart, that inly mourns,
By future good be blessed.

12.

G.—That you are endowed with many good qualities, but
that you are like one, who, with his pockets full of gold,
always wants change for ordinary occasions.

L.—None know thee but to love thee,
None name thee but to praise.

Halleck.

13.

G.—It is not what your hands have done,
That weighs your spirit down ;
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
And over earth a frown.

We judge by actions, which we view
Brought out before the sun ;
But conscience brings reproach to you,
For what you've left undone.

G.

L.—Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

Scott.

14.

If at any time you are pressed to do a thing hastily, be careful ; fraud and deceit are always in haste ; diffidence is the right eye of prudence.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow,
Leave things of the future to fate ;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow ?
Life's troubles come never too late !
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred ;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred ;

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee,
Permit not suspicion and care,
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by forebodings deterred,
But think how oft hearts have been saddened,
By fears of what never occurred !

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow ;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow,
Still shorter by folly and fear !

G.

Half our troubles are half our invention,
And often from blessings conferred ;
We have shrunk from the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred !

C. Swain.

15.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
May quickly change to mournful shade ;
'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,
Yet be prepared to see them fade.

E. Cook.

16.

Thou seest only what is fair,
Thou sippest only what is sweet ;
Thou wilt mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.

R. W. Emerson.

Life is like the wind that blows
When the clouds of morn are breaking ;
Life is like the stream that flows,
Something leaving—something taking !
Better cherish what you may,
Than recall the past with sorrow ;
As the world rolled yesterday,
So 'twill roll for you to-morrow.

As the sun now glows on earth,
Ages have beheld it glow ;

G.

As the flowers now spring to birth,
Sprang they thousand years ago.
So each day must pass away,
Bringing smiles, or sending sorrow ;
As the world was yesterday,
So 'twill be for you to-morrow.

17.

Go forward ! press onward !
Oh, live not in vain !
There's wisdom, and honor,
And glory to gain ;
The path is before you,
You've only to choose ;
You win if you're active,
If slothful, you lose.

Colesworthy.

18.

Go forward ! the future *must* yield to the power
That justice, and goodness, and truth can convey ;
The base and the false may succeed for the hour,
But reason at last, will but honor obey !
True courage consists but in facing a danger ;
Ne'er harbor injustice by word, or in deed ;
As you'd be to a friend, be the same to a stranger.
Go forward and *hope* ! you'll be sure to succeed !

19.

If gold is your object, you ne'er will inherit
What you seek by such means to obtain ;

G.

If love you are after, you'll meet (what you merit)
To your person and suit, cold disdain.

20.

G.—First, you must cultivate yourself a little ;
Study a dimple, work hard at a smile ;
The things most delicate require most pains.
Weep—if you can—and call the tears heart-drops,
Be restless—sigh deep—play the fool in short
One hour, and she will play the fool forever.

P. J. Bailey.

L.—An empty compliment you here will find
To sooner win the shallow-pated youth,
Than all the sober converse of a mind
Governed by moral habits, and by truth.

21.

G.—The reason your rival's so dear,
The reason she's "out" when you call,
Is—his income's five thousand a year,
And yours, it is—nothing at all.

Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

L.—Though chill his trembling hand may be,
The heart within is warm ;
The love that seems so cold to thee,
The best may bide the storm.

He cannot tell thee hour by hour,
That he adores thee dearly ;

G.

He cannot *talk* of passion's power,
But oh ! he *feels* sincerely.

The love that doth the purest glow
Is slow in its revealing ;
He'd rather feel beyond his show,
Than feign beyond his feeling.

Mrs. Osgood.

22.

G.—Fond of bestowing timely gifts,
So they with care and love be given,
To some poor humble child of earth,
Who trusts alone to God in heaven ;
Placed by the door at even-tide,
As though an angel bore them there,
Leaving the poor and humbled one
To speak its thanks to God in prayer.

E. G.

L.—It is his trade to do good, and to think of it as his recreation. He has hands enough for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth for beneficence, not for need.

Bishop Hall.

23.

G.—Enough of beauty to secure affection ;
Enough of sprightliness to shun dejection ;
Of modest diffidence to claim protection ;
A docile mind subservient to correction,

G.

Yet stored with sense, with reason, and reflection,
And every passion held in due subjection;
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection.
When once you find her, quickly make selection.

L.—Your honey-moon before 'tis o'er,
Will much of wormwood smack,
Your spouse will throw a cup of tea,
And you will throw it back.

24.

G.—They are—that in moments of bliss, or of sadness,
As the world smiles or frowns, to be cherished by one,
Who will weep when she weeps, who will share in her
gladness,

And to feel that indeed she's a world of her own.

L.—If spirits pure as those who kneel
Around the throne of light above,
The power of beauty's spell could feel,
And lose a heaven for woman's love,
What marvel that a heart so fine,
Enraptured by thy charms should be?
Forget to bend at glory's shrine,
And lose itself—aye, heaven, for thee?
Memorial.

25.

G.—Oh, she will cancel every vow,
Which love and honor pledged to thee;

G.

Her heart is e'en another's now,
 Although in willful perjury ;
 Then be thou by her loss unmoved,
 And let thy future thoughts be given
 Not to the one once fondly loved,
 But to the hallowed shrine of heaven.

L.—My pretty miss, I do not know
 The reason why he loves thee so
 Devotedly ; but when a day
 Without thy presence drags away,
 He feels as though a year had flown,
 And he the while been left alone.

But when a day is spent with thee,
 It scarcely seems an hour to be ;
 So, though no suicide is he,
 Nor very anxious yet to die,
 His soul unmoved, the hope surveys,
 That thou wilt shorten all his days.

26.

G.—If ever the dew-drop was loved by the flower,
 When, panting, it drooped in its hot summer bower ;
 If e'er to the peasant soft evening was dear
 When his sweet cottage home in the valley was near ;
 If ever the exile on far foreign shore
 Sighed for friendship's kind smile he might never see
 more ;
 If e'er the sweet nightingale wailed in the grove
 When she missed the soft call of her answering love ;

G.

If captive e'er triumphed when ransomed and free,
She is proud of her truth, her devotion to thee.

L.—

To say he loves,
Is to affirm what oft his eyes avouched,
What many an action testifies, and yet
What wants the confirmation of his tongue.

J. Sheridan Knowles.

H.

1.

G.—You are forgotten—as old debts,
 By persons who are used to borrow ;
 Forgotten—as the sun that sets,
 When shines a new one on the morrow ;
 Forgotten—like the luscious peach,
 That blessed the school-boy last September ;
 Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
 Which all men praise, but none remember.

Praed.

L.—He loves you ! but he does not mean
 To flatter you, and swear
 That you are perfect and divine,
 When he don't think you are.

2.

You shall meet ere long the while,
 And be blest, your fears all o'er,
 With a kiss, and with a smile—
 You shall meet, to part no more.

3.

V.—The rage of jealousy oft fires her soul,
 And her face kindles like a burning coal ;
 Now cold despair succeeding in its stead,
 To livid paleness turns the glowing red ;
 Her blood, scarce liquid, creeps within her veins,
 Like water, which the freezing wind constrains.

H.

L.— The time he's lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies—in woman's eyes,
 Has been his heart's undoing.
 Though wisdom oft has sought him,
 He scorned the love she brought him ;
 His only books—were woman's looks,
 And folly all they taught him.

And are those follies going ?
 And is his proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise—for brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing ?
 No, vain, alas ! th' endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever ;
 Poor wisdom's chance—against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever. *Moore.*

4.

G.—A pretty rainbow sort of life enough,
 Filled up with vanities, and gay caprices.
Miss Langdon.

L.—An editor, he daily sits,
 With spectacles on nose,
 Half crazing his o'erburdened wits,
 'Midst poetry and prose,
 Selecting from the medley there,
 (A hopeless chaos seeming),
 Materials for a paper rare,
 With news of interest teeming. *C. M. M.*

H.

5.

G.—Fair child of poverty ! her only dower
Is her transcendent beauty, and the gift
Which nature throws but seldom in a vase
Of such exquisite workmanship—a *heart* !
Pure as the wreath round Apennines' cold brow,
And true and gentle as the constant dove.
Her dress is coarse, and simple, and her hands,
Though small and delicate, are sparkling not
With many costly diamonds. On her brow,
No band of woven brilliants tells the tale
Of lavish partiality. Her hair
In its dark flowing richness, boasteth not
Of pearl, or ornament, save one wild flower,
Plucked from the sterile borders of a rock—
Fit emblem of her lowliness, and worth.

Mrs. Scott.

L.—Godliness with contentment—these be the pillars of
felicity ;
Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened
misery ;
Enough hath never caused misery, but often quickened hap-
piness ;
Enough is less than thy thought, O pampered creature of
society ;
But one that hath more than enough is thief of the rights
of others.

Tupper.

H.

6.

G.—The languid lady here appears in state
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
 To her just stature lifts the feeble maid ;
 Then, if ordained to so severe a doom,
 She'll by just stages journey round the room ;
 But, knowing her own weakness she despairs,
 To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs ;
 My fan ! let others say, who laugh at toil,
 Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her laconic style ;
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
 That Betty rather sees than hears the call ;
 The motions of her lips, and meaning eye,
 Piece out the idea her faint words deny ;
 Oh, listen with attention, most profound !
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
 Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve ;
 But chew, she must, herself ; ah, cruel fate !
 That the sweet creature can't by proxy eat !

Young.

L.—Though *nominally* high in rank,
 He's practically low ;
 For he has only gold to thank,
 For all the love men show.

7.

Full thirty years of single life,
 To thee the fates decree ;

H.

When thou shalt wed a worthy mate
Who'll true and loving be.

8.

G.—Yes—and the hour you called her thine
You'll wish had been your very last !
Before that star had ceased to shine,
Whose influence sad was o'er you cast !
You'll wish you had not lived to mourn
The choice you in your madness made,
Of toys by folly won and worn,
Which left for banished peace—a shade !

L.—The maid that's cheerful and retired,
Who patient waits to be admired,
Though overlooked perhaps awhile,
Her modest worth, her modest smile,
Oh, she will find, or soon or late
A noble, fond, and faithful mate ;
Who, when the spring of life is gone,
And all its blooming flowers are flown,
Will bless old Time, who left behind
The graces of a virtuous mind.

Paulding.

9.

Franklin says that the way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality ; without them, you can do nothing ; with

H.

them everything ; and Socrates says that the shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be.

10.

Hold on in truth and blamelessness,
Till falls the cool green sod,
Nor by a finger's breadth transgress
The even ways of God.
So shalt thou as in pastures green
Thy pilgrim path pursue ;
So canst thou, fearless and serene,
Death's face of terror view.
Then children's children, bending round,
Shall weep upon thy tomb ;
And summer flowers, with odors crowned,
Above their tears shall bloom.

11.

Friendship stands in need of all help, care, confidence, and complaisance ; if not supplied with these, it expires ; so you must yourself judge if you supply it with the necessary support.

12.

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
Which sparkles, and sinks from the sight ;
Like leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
Though transiently, beautifully bright .

H.

Like dew-drops exhaled as they glisten,
Like perfume which dies soon as shed,
Like melody hushed while we listen,
Is memory's dream of the dead.

Barton.

13.

G.—He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

Gay.

L.—It *must* be so—for Thomas Brown Esquire
Heard Blab's wife tell the son of Mr. Smith,
(Him that was christened *John*, after his sire—
Men often to transmit their names desire !)
That Higgins said, while he was walking with
That charming maiden lady, aged forty,
Yclept Miss Catchem (Higgins was her beau).
She told him (confidentially) that naughty
And prattling gossip, Mrs. Wilkins, thought she
Heard Polly's cousin's sister's aunt say, you,
Once when she called, seemed to have much ado
In hiding what *looked* like a billet-doux ;
And that although she quite mistaken could be,
She "guessed" you were "no better than you should be."

J. T. Watson.

14.

A severed tress you've hid
Next to your bosom's core ;
A flower, the parting token, nursed
Till all its bloom was o'er ;

III.

You o'er a semblance dear
 In ~~valleys~~ have hung,
 And to the voiceless picture talked
 With love's impassioned tongue.

Of to some secret tower
 To be alone you've staid
 To muse o'er hoarded word and smile,
 Those jewels of the soul ;
 You've breathed a precious name,
 With blessings in your prayer,
 'Tis strange your heart is Cupid's home,
 And you not know he's there.

Mrs. Sigourney.

15.

G.—He's on his guard who knows his enemy,
 And innocence may safely trust her shield
 Against an open foe ; but who's so mailed,
 • That slander shall not reach him ! Coward calumny
 Stabs in the dark.

Shel.

Of the whispered tale
 That, like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows ;
 Fair-faced deceit, whose wily, conscious eye
 Ne'er looks direct ; the tongue that licks the dust,
 But where it safely dares is prompt to sting.

Thomson.

H.

16.

We all are subject here
 To fickle fortune's power ;
 And some remarkable event
 May happen in an hour ;
 But what to you betides
 Is not so clearly shown ;
One heart, I see, is to be lost,
Another to be won.

17.

G.—You'll meet the smile of young and old,
 You'll win the praise of all,
 You'll be feasted at the banquet,
 And distinguished at the ball ;
 When town grows dull and sultry,
 You may fly to green retreats,
 A welcome visitor in turn
 At twenty country seats ;
 You need not seek society,
 For do whate'er he can,
 Invitations and attentions
 Will pursue the *single man*.

L.—Thy lot is very happy—
 Life's sky is bright above thee,
 Affection's smile is round thee,
 And all who know thee, love thee.

Whittier.

II.

You o'er a semblance dear
 In solitude have hung,
 And to the voiceless picture talked
 With love's impassioned tongue.

Oft to some secret bower
 To be alone you've stole
 To muse o'er hoarded word and smile,
 Those jewels of the soul ;
 You've breathed a precious name,
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 And all who know thee, love thee.

Whittier.

H.

18.

Vain, vain is all below, oh, worse than madness,
The long fond quest of hope's deluding bow ;
From toil to toil thou'lt strive—from pain to sadness,
Too clear at last the cheat—too deep the woe ;
Power hath no spell to shield from fate's stern dooming,
Earth hath no balm for hearts by anguish riven,
Fame is a meteor only cliffs illuming,
Life hath no goal, no rest. Ask thou of Heaven.

19.

G.—Away with idle wishes—Thus you sigh
For some imagined good yet unattained ;
For wealth, or fame, or love ; things which once gained
Might like a curse o'er all your future lie ;
Thus in your blindness do you ask of Fate
The gifts, that, once bestowed, might crush you with
their weight.

L.—Oh, moderate thy wishes,
One whisper let me tell,
Make not an earthly idol !
Love wisely—not too well ;
For the heart of burning passion,
May be broken in its trust,
And a woe await the worship
Of so frail a thing as dust !

H.

20.

G.—Such introduction would but prove
The source of grief and pain ;
For you and all your proffered love,
She'd treat with cold disdain.

L.—You must make an advance
By the rules of romance,
And your way to his heart thus prepare ;
With your smiles then delight,
With your frowns just affright,
But not drive him to dreadful despair !

Byron.

21.

G.—Do battle with all forces that you may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart,
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, and sorrow, and dismay,
These engines can the proudest love convert.

Spenser.

L.—Love has its treasury of tears ;
And in the needed hour,
When words and smiles have failed to move,
Try their resistless power.

Farquharson.

22.

G.—All hearts alike, all faces cannot move,
There is a secret sympathy in love ;

H.

The powerful loadstone cannot move a straw,
No more than jet the trembling needle draw.

Sedley.

L.—He loved thee till he knew
That thou hadst loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
For what is worth the lip
Ruby although it be,
If another's dared to sip
The sweets once given to thee?

Moore.

23.

G.—"I love to *love*," says the maiden bright,
And her words gush forth like a stream of light;
They will thrill to the heart of a suppliant there,
With a ripple soft as an angel's prayer.

Marian Ward.

L.—Of making his gold a sword; and most wickedly does he hack and slash with it. He knows how the weapon will cut heart-strings; he knows what wounds it will inflict; but they bleed inwardly; and because there is no outward and visible hurt to call on the coroner—homicidal Avarice, with no outward drop of gore upon his hands—no damning spot seen by the world's naked eye—mixes in the world a very respectable gentleman; a man who has a file of receipts for everything; a man who does not owe a shilling;

H.

and above all, a man who takes all the good he gets as nothing but a proper payment for his exceeding respectability!

D. Jerrold.

24.

G.—Kind, generous, and good, her native smiles
And winning sweetness every heart beguiles;
And although nurtured in the highest sphere,
Possessing all that makes the cottage dear.

L.— A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.

Byron.

25.

G.—She thought a husband she could have,
Whenever she desired;
She finds that's "easier said than done,"
And now she is so tired
Of her coquetting round about,
In spite of idle scoffers,
She has resolved that she will take
The very first that offers.

John S. Adams.

L.—He's fooled away time from his mind's very birth,
And worshipped as idols the nothings of earth;
Now time rings the knell of his youth's latest sigh
He wishes the pleasures of wedlock to try.

H.

26.

G.—Your last tearful farewell is spoken,
Life's sweet morning vision hath flown !
Each vow, each glad promise is broken,
That twined your twin beings in one !
And severed are love's golden fetters,
And sympathy's silvery chain ;
*You'd better return all her letters,
She may wish to use them again !*
Grace Greenwood.

L.—You are his angel from above,
The *only* one he e'er can love,
And 'till the day you are his own
His life will be most sad and lone ;
To you he'll be faithful a year—if not more ;
He can vouch for his truth—he's been faithful before.

I.

1.

G.—She means to flirt a season,
Just for the sake of fun ;
But ere the season's over,
Her warm heart will be won.
So if you wish to woo her,
Trust Cupid for your friend,
And the game begun by flirting,
In marriage soon will end. *C. M. M.*

L.—Let your curse be upon him,
The faithless in heart !
Let the smiles that have won him
In frowning depart !
Let his last cherished blossom
Of sympathy die !
And the hopes of his bosom
In shadows go by !
Ah ! curse him—but keep
The poor boon of his breath
Till he sigh for the sleep,
And the quiet of death !
Let a viewless one haunt him,
With whisper and jeer,
And an evil one daunt him
With phantoms of fear !
Be the fiend unforgiving,
That follows his tread,
Let him walk with the living,
But gaze on the dead ! *Whittier.*

I.

2.

G.—She loves—but 'tis not you she loves,
Not you on whom she ponders,
When in some dream of tenderness,
Her truant fancy wanders.

C. F. Hoffman.

L.—He loved thee in thy spring-time's blushing hour,
He loved thee in thy summer's ripened noon,
He loved thee in the blossom, bud, and flower—
The tear of April, and the smile of June ;
Fear not, then, fear not any hour will see
The heart grow cold that ever beats for thee.

Anon.

3.

You know that you will meet no more,
Then why require of me
To tell what well you knew before,
Or asked you mockingly ?
When last you met, a fairy spell
Had been from each removed ;
How strange it is that those can change,
Who once have truly loved !

4.

G.—One she is that doth inherit
Angel gifts, and angel spirit,
Bidding streams of gladness flow
Through the realms of want and woe ;

I.

Mid lone age, and misery's lot,
Kindling pleasures long forgot ;
Seeking minds oppressed with night,
And o'er darkness shedding light ;
She the seraphs' speech doth know,
She hath done their deeds below ;
And when o'er this misty strand,
She shall clasp their waiting hand,
They will fold her to their breast,
More a sister than a guest.

L.—With the well imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscure the ruffled pool.
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

John Armstrong.

5.

G.—Forever in a passion or a prayer !

Pope.

L.— Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail ;
Ready made
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail—will you trade ?

I.

Thus each day
 Wears away,
 And his hair is turning grey ;
 O'er his books
 He nightly looks,
 Counts his gain, and bolts his locks.

By and by
 He will die ;
 But the ledger book on high
 Shall unfold
 How he sold,
 How he got and used his gold.

6.

G.— A simple home,
 A plain, well-ordered household, without show
 Of wealth or fashion.

Percival.

G.—If you marry for money you may expect to have this unworthy motive cast into your teeth on the very first family skirmish. I would never consent to be maintained at the expense of my wife, as I should hate to be reproached for not having brought anything into the house but my clothes.

L.— Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
 Bright, and yellow, hard and cold,

I

Molten, graven, hammered, rolled :
 Heavy to get and light to hold ;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold ;
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;
 Spurned by the young, hugged by the old
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;
 Price of many a crime untold ;
 Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !

Hood.

7.

G.—I saw her once in her girlish hours,
 A creature soft and warm ;
 Her cottage bonnet, filled with flowers,
 Hung swinging on her arm ;
 Her voice was sweet as the voice of Love,
 And her teeth were pure as pearls ;
 While her forehead lay like a snow-white dove
 In a nest of nut-brown curls.
 I've gazed on many a brighter face,
 But ne'er on one for years
 Where beauty left so soft a trace
 As it had left on hers.

Mrs. Welby.

L.—He is uncertain, wavering stands,
 Doubting and anxious still,
 And loses all the good he plans
 In fearing to do ill.

I

8.

Go to the country

And if you are unmarried, I'll engage
You'll there meet with the one whom you will love,
And not be single quite another year.

9.

G.—Others walk through fiery trouble,
Seeking rest, but finding none ;
Broken is the glassy bubble
Which the golden wedding won ;
Noisy care, and woe unceasing,
Fill each restless heart with fears,
And the toils of life increasing,
Darken o'er their wretched years

You'll be free from such tormenting,
Free from tumult—free from care—
And you'll never know repenting
From the freedom you will bear ;
Happy in the joys you cherish,
Happy in a single life,
Yours the bliss that will not perish,
Farewell trouble!—Farewell wife !

Kennicott.

L.—One more unfortunate,
Long having tarried,
Rash and importunate,
Soon will be married.

I.

Heed not the scrutiny
 Into the mutiny
 'Gainst your own name;
 Before a great while
 Those who scornfully smile
 Will be doing the same!

10.

G.—Cry out upon abuses, seem to weep
 Over your country's wrongs; and by this face,
 This brow of seeming justice, you will win
 The hearts of all that you do angle for.

Shakspeare.

L.—There is an art none can excel,
 And one that all may know;
 It is the art of doing well—
 'Tis learned by—living so.

11.

Wisely weigh your comforts with your sorrows.

Shakspeare.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
 For the far off, unattained, and dim;
 While the beautiful all around thee lying
 Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

I.

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still ;
• Leaf and flower, and laden bee are preaching—
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal or woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own ;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy, and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world renown,
• Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou will find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Harriet Winslow.

12.

They only deserve friends who make themselves independent of them, by securing the friendship of God and their own conscience.

I.

13.

G.—That of all your faults your jealousy
 Exacts the hardest services, and pays
 The bitterest wages. Its service is—
 To watch an enemy's success. Its wages—
 To be sure of it.

Colton.

L.—Gentle and pure thou art—yet is thy soul
 Filled with a maiden's vague and pleasant dreams,
 Sweet phantasies, that mock at thought's control,
 Like atoms round thee float in fancy's beams;
 But trust them not, young dreamer, bid them flee—
 They have deceived all others, and will thee.

Mrs. Embury.

14.

That you use religion as a diver does his bell, to venture
 down into the deep of worldliness with safety, and there
 grope for pearls, with just as much of heaven's air as will
 keep you from suffocating.

Cheever.

15.

G.—You're jealous, though you're trying not to show it,
 For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

Byron.

I.

L.—You feel, when you see *that* smile,
Something that's pleasant
Though your heart all the while
Throbs so incessant :
Is it the pulse in which
Love pays his visit ?
His is a sharper twitch,
Guess you—what is it ?

16.

G.—When dangers surround us on every side,
And safety's the wish of us all,
It surely is wisdom at once to provide
For the worst that may chance to befall,
Then guard well your heart—for how sad a mistake,
Should it ever be stolen or lost—
And rogues are now watching, all ready to make
The treasure their own, at your cost.

D. M. A.

L.—Oh, sigh not for love, if you wish not to know
Every torment that waits on us mortals below ;
If you fain would avoid all the dangers and snares
That attend human life, and escape all its cares.

17.

G.—You shall see a *vision* with flaxen hair,
And with such an ethereal eye and smile
As tells of the genius that harbors there,
And the wit that in ambush lies the while,—

I.

You shall kneel, and your heart you shall offer free,
But she'll laugh at the gift, and the offer forbid,
And say it was kindly meant, but would be
Not worth her acceptance, "without a head!"

L.— The coming year
Hath power to change the pulses of thy heart
To one dull throb of ceaseless agony;
To hush the sigh on thy resigned lip,
And lock it in the heart—freeze the hot tear
And bid it on the eyelid hang forever

Maturin.

18.

G.—The color of our whole life is generally such as the
three or four first years in which we are our own masters
make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own
destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future
successes or disappointments.

Cowper.

L.—Thy happy soul shall all the way
To heaven have a summer's day.

R. Crashaw.

Life is before ye! Oh, if you could look
Into the secrets of that sealed book,
Strong as ye are with youth, and hope, and faith,
Ye would sink down and falter "Give me death!"
If the dread Sphinx's lips might once unclose,
And utter but a whisper of the woes,
Which must overtake ye in your life-long doom,
Well might ye cry, "My cradle be my tomb!"

I.

Could ye foresee your spirit's broken wings,
Fame's brightest triumphs, what despised things,
Friendship how feeble, Love how fierce a flame,
Your joy half sorrow, half your glory shame,
Oh, could ye see it all, ye might, ye might
Cower in despair, unequal to the strife,
And die but in *beholding* what is life!

Fanny Kemble Butler.

19.

Let not the wild tempest your spirit affright,
Shrink not from the storm, though it come in its might;
Be watchful, be ready, for shipwreck prepare,
Keep an eye on the life-boat, but never despair.

20.

It cannot—lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream,
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream;
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes;
So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child,
She gave, and took a toy away
The infant cried, and smiled

I.

21.

G.—Oh, know you not soft music's power
 Upon the soul at midnight hour?
 A well-conducted serenade
 Will introduce you to the maid. *C. M. M.*

L.—You scarcely need an introduction there,
 To him so well your modest worth is known,
 You almost seem an ancient friend—and share
 His kindest thoughts, to others often shown.

22.

G.—'Tis not for gifts you may on her bestow,
 'Tis not for smiles your ductile cheeks may show,
 'Tis not for hopes your flattering lips avow,
 To mind and talents only will she bow.

L.—Ah! cruel fate! and should you not complain,
 When all your arts have been essayed in vain;
 There's naught that ever female wit supplied
 That has not first or last by you been tried;
 You've taxed each faculty to please the beaux,
 But cannot make a single soul propose;
 Assuming modesty, and artless wiles,
 You've wooed with blushes and endearing smiles;
 Tried music's varied captivating tone,
 That should have moved or melted hearts of stone •
 But finding all in vain, you'd better try
 What female tact and impudence supply.

I

23.

G.—Whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above.

Coleridge.

L.—He is a bashful man—and feels the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain;
His sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes him mute.

Cowper.

L.—Long seems the time that's vanished,
Since whispers darkly wrought
The work that sundered you and him
With words that poison thought;
And easy 'tis with smiles to hide
The stricken spirit's yearning,
And wear a look of icy pride,
While the heart within is burning!

Oh, 'tis a bitter, bitter thing,
Beneath God's holy sky
To fill that sentient thing, the heart,
With strife and enmity!
Yea, woe to those who plant the seed
That yieldeth naught but dole,
To those who thus do murder
God's image in the soul!

Yet silently and softly,
The dews of mercy fall,

I.

And the old love—the old love,
It triumphs over all !
Oh, many are its cruel foes,
A host well armed and strong ;
And that fair garnished chamber
Hath been their dwelling long ;
But the old love—the old love,
It hath a master spell,
And in its home—the human heart—
It worketh strong and well
The serpent pride is crested,
And hate hath lips of gall ;
But the old love—the old love,
Is stronger than them all !

Mrs. E. F. Ellet.

24.

G.—Most fond of reflection—but 'tis of a kind
That's found in the mirror, and not in the mind !
C. M. M.

L.—Whatever nature has in worth denied
She's given in large recruits of needful pride !
That, where wit fails, steps in to his defence
And fills up all the mighty void of sense !
Pope.

25.

G.—Oh, when she will, she will—you may depend on't ;
And when she won't, she won't—and that's the end on't !

I.

L.—Good health, and its associate in the most,
Good temper. Spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task.

26.

G.—Doth she not watch o'er thine every endeavor?
Leans not her heart in warm faith on thine own?
If thou sit doubting and dreaming forever,
Too late thou'lt discover that her dream is flown!
C. F. Hoffman.

L.—Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets us at the door.
D. R. Drake.

J.

1.

G.—Oh, woman's heart is like the rose
 That glows beneath the tropic's flame,
 That blooms as sweet 'mid northern snows,
 Forever lovely, and the same.
 Whate'er her rank, whate'er her lot,
 Where'er her gentle influence ranges,
 The art to bless is ne'er forgot,
 The will to comfort never changes.

L.—Lady, he loves thee for thy gold,
 And hates thee for thy pride;
 And not until thy life is told
 Not till thy heart lies still and cold,
 Will be from him a blessing won,
 But when life's tragedy is done,
 He'll bless thee—that thou died!

E. A. Poe.

2.

G.—She is a woman—therefore may be wooed!
 She is a woman—therefore may be won!

Shakspeare.

L.—To kneel in homage at your feet,
 To start when rival steps draw near,
 With ardent warmth your glance to meet,
 And pour soft flatteries in your ear;
 To woo, till won by fairer forms,
 And brighter eyes, and then forsake;

J.

And while new hope new fancy warms,
To leave your trusting heart to break !

3.

G.—Take her esteem, if you on that can live,
But frankly, sir, 'tis all she has to give.
Dryden.

L.—You know you love in vain, striving against hope,
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve
You still will pour the waters of your love,
And lack not to lose still ; thus, Indian-like,
Religious in your error, you adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. *Shakspeare.*

4.

Never forget your love, but always cling
To the fixed hope that there will be a time
When you can meet unfettered, and be blest
With the full happiness of certain love.
Percival.

Gone ! is the smile that once lighted thy way,
Gone ! is the eye whose each look was a ray,
Gone ! is the heart so unchanging and true,
Gone, is the lip which to thine fondly flew.

Cold ! is the brow on which love has oft spoken,
Cold ! is the cheek, and each beauty-line broken,

J.

Cold! is the hand which to thine trembling stole,
Cold! is each nerve that once thrilled to the soul.

Dead! grows thy heart to the world's garish splendor,
To the smile of the gay, and the sigh of the tender,
To the sorrower's tear and the scorner's rude laughter,
Dead! to all hope, save of meeting hereafter!

5.

G.—Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected,
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected. *Congreve*

L.—His talk is like a stream that runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses;
He slips from politics to puns,
Passes from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses;
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses. *Praed.*

6.

G.—Her only labor is to kill the time,
And labor dire it is, and weary woe. *Thomson.*

A trade which he hopes he may use with a safe con-
science, as he is indeed a mender of bad soles. *Shakespeare.*

J.

7.

G.—A beautiful garden, with weeds overrun,
And an elegant fish-pond, dried up by the sun ;
Then the house stands convenient enough you may say
Next door to the whisky-shop over the way.

Dibdin.

L.—Ye'll draw a bonny silken purse,
Ye'll ca' your coach, ye'll ca' your horse.

Burns.

8.

G.—A form and face in which do meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

Wordsworth.

L.—Brave, not romantic,
Learned not pedantic,
Frolic not frantic,
And ever true ;
Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new ;
—Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not cynical,

J.

Never tyrannical,
Think you he'll do ?

9.

When primroses shine in the path of the dew,
Like the stars of twilight above,
In that blessed time of the merry round year,
That is fittest and sweetest for love.

10.

Yes—for a general doom on us is passed,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last.

11.

Adopt the rule—the simple plan
That he should take who hath the power,
And he should keep—who can.

Wordsworth.

12.

G.—The fountain of content must spring up in the mind,
and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to
seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposi-
tion, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the
griefs which he proposed to remove.

Colton

L.—Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
But mark how just the ways of heaven :
True joy to all is free.

J.

Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,
'Tis thine, O Conscience ! thine alone—
It all belongs to thee.

Mickle.

13.

Kind friends will love thee dearly,
And honest friends will chide,
And faithful ones will cling to thee,
Whatever may betide.

Caroline Bowles.

14.

That a dream indeed unreal, shadowy, brief,
Is done and ended, and your heart, so far,
Not much the worse for wear !

John Home.

15.

G.—That the world is too much with you ; late and soon
Getting and spending you lay waste your powers ;
Little you see in nature that is yours ;
You give your heart away, a sordid boon !
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything you are out of tune,
It moves you not.

Wordsworth.

J

L.—That you like a slight flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near.

Willis.

16.

G.— When you have
The happiness to speak with *one* alone,
There's so much sweetness in her, such a troop
Of graces waiting on her words and actions,
You love her infinitely, and think it blessing
To see her smile; but when the *other* comes
In presence, in her eye she brings a charm
To make you dote on her; you are divided,
And like the trembling needle of a dial,
Your heart's afraid to answer.

James Shirley.

L.—We will not ask what thorn has found
Keen entrance to thy bosom fair;
If love hath dealt a deathless wound,
Or deeper folly woke despair—
We only say—the sinless clime
On which is bent the streaming eye,
Hath pardon for the darkest crime,
Though erring man the boon deny.
We only say—the prayerful breast,
The crystal tear of contrite pain,

J.

Have power to ope the portal blest,
When pride and pomp have toiled in vain.
Token for 1828.

17.

G.—Whom may not scandal hit? those shafts are shot at
a venture;
Who standeth not in danger of suspicion? that net hath
caught the noblest;
And rumor in temporary things is gigantic as a ruin.
Tupper.

L.—As fair as the Siren, but false as her song
Are the world's painted shadows that lure you along;
Like the mist on the mountain, the foam on the deep,
Or the voices of friends that we hail in our sleep,
Are the pleasures of earth—and I mourn that to
Heaven
You give not the heart that to folly is given.
Mrs. S. G. Hale.

18.

G.—Taught by both impudence and wit,
You'll single out your mark, use all the arts
That love can think upon, and in the end
Find a most absolute repulse.
Shirley.

J.

L—

The spell
The mightiest upon earth, the spell of love,
Familiar, mutual, requited love,
Shall be upon thee ; and its charmed power
Shall at each moment, at a wish call up
Unsunned treasures from that richest mine
The human heart. *Pocahontas.*

19.

Life's best joys shall ever bless thee,
And loves blossoms round thee cling,
Friends shall gladden and caress thee,
And around their influence fling.

It was good, it was kind in the wise One above
To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.
Did we know that the voices now gentle and bland,
Will forego the fond word, and the whispering tone,
Did we know that the eager and warm-pressing hand
Will be joyfully forward in casting the stone !
Did we know the affection engrossing our soul
Will end, as it oft does, in madness and pain,
That the passionate breast will but hazard its rest,
And be wrecked on the shore it is panting to gain ,
Oh ! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom ;
All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,
And the prayer lisping infant would ask for the tomb

J.

For if hope be a star that would lead us astray
And 'deceiveth the heart,' as the aged ones preach,
Yet 'twas mercy that gave it to beacon our way,
Though its halo illumines what it never can reach.
Though friendship but flit like a meteor gleam ;
Though it bursts like a morning-light bubble of dew ;
Though it passes away like a leaf on the stream ;
Yet 'tis bliss while we *fancy* the vision is true.
It was good, it was kind, in the wise One above
To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

Eliza Cook.

20.

Your firm resolves are naught but mockeries ;
To will is yours, but not to execute !
You map your future like an unknown coast,
And say, " Here is an harbor, here a rock,
The one I will attain, the other shun "—
And you'll do neither—some chance gale will rise
And bear you far o'er some unfathomed sea,
Your efforts all are vain, and you must yield
To winds and waves that laugh at man's control !

21.

Sunrise will come next !
The shadow of the night is passed away !

J.

Look up to light. All now is possible !
The glory and the grandeur of each dream,
And every prophecy shall be fulfilled.

Browning.

22.

G.—Take a horse-back ride,
With a friend by your side,
And whatever betide,
You'll meet with the one
Who'll at last be your bride.

L.—Oh, seek it not—he only waits to proffer
His oft rejected hand to the first offer,
And when he had you safely at the altar,
He'd slip your neck into the marriage halter,
Then holding fast the well-tied noose you'd find
He'd *drive* or *choke* you, as he felt inclined.

23.

G.—There is nothing more potent among us than a gift
timely bestowed ;
And a gift kept back where it was hoped, separateth chief
friends.

Tupper.

L.—By seeming ease and candor in address
Looks which at once each winning grace possess,
A life where love and truth are ever joined
And nature ever good, and ever kind.

J.

24.

G.—You are now sailed into the north of your lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Shakspeare.

L.—His love has perished like the sound that dies
And leaves no echo ; like the eastern day
That has no twilight ; like the lonely flower
Hung forth to wither on the wind, that wastes
Even its perfume.

T. K. Hervey.

25.

G.— Of lighted halls
Crammed full of fools and fiddles.

R. C. Sands.

L.—He is most fond of pleasure. 'Tis the theme
Mankind have dwelt on since the world was new ;
All strive to realize the splendid dream,
And poets, saints, and sages head the crew ;
As if 'twere stronger than the rainbow's beam,
The glittering child of sunshine, shower, and dew ;
Just like the bubbles children blow, 'twill rise,
To elude the grasp, while it delights the eyes.

J.

26.

G.—Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile.
Mrs. Norton.

L.—He is true, and he is bold,
Full of mirth as he can hold;
Through the world he'll break his way,
With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.
Taylor.

K.

1.

G.—Reserve with frankness, truth with wit allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride.

L.—He is not one of those Salamanders who are never well but when they are in the fire of contention. He will rather suffer a thousand wrongs than offer one; he will suffer a hundred rather than return one; he will suffer many ere he will complain of one, and endeavor to right it by contending. He has ever found that to strive with his superior is furious; with his equal doubtful; with his inferior sordid and base; with any, full of unquietness.

Bishop Hall.

2.

G.—Because the purest joys we know
From our domestic hours must flow,
And we must ever vainly roam
For happiness not found at home.

L.—For beauty an' fortin' the laddie's been courtin'.

Burns.

3.

G.—Somebody's words are wonderfu' words,
They're wonderfu' words to hear;
Somebody's words can lighten her heart,
Or fill her e'e wi' a tear.
He may say's he likes, he may do's he likes,
Yet somebody she prefers,

R.

An' she'll live as she is, an' she'll die as she is,
If somebody mayna be hers. *Gibson.*

L.—He's lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie,
He's lo'ed thee o'er fondly through life e'er to weary,
He's lo'ed thee o'er lang at last to deceive thee—
Look cauldly or kindly, but bid him not leave thee.
Macgregor.

4.

G.—Her heart is a music-box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand ;
But its workmanship rare is so fine
At a single rude touch it would break,
Then oh ! be the magic key thine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake !
And there's one little tune it can play
That you fancy all others above,
She learned it of Cupid one day—
It begins with, and ends with " I love !"
" I love !"
Your heart echoes to it " I love !"
Mrs. Osgood.

L.—Forever thine, whate'er his heart betide,
Forever thine, where'er his lot be cast,
Fate, that may rob thee of all wealth beside,
Shall leave thee love till life itself be past.

K.

Forever thine!—mid fashion's heartless throng
 In courtly bowers—at folly's gilded shrine,
 Smiles on his cheek—light words upon his tongue—
 His deep heart still is thine—forever thine!

A. A. Watts.

5.

All will be well,
 Much happiness will be thy portion yet.
 Love will be with thee, breathing his native air,
 And peace around thee through the power of Love.

Taylor.

6.

G.—Your fair will be a preacher,
 Inspired when she is vexed!
 She'll never lack a sermon,
 And you will be the text!
 She'll preach of all your faults and flaws,
 And pay them all in kind,
 But most she'll hate, aye, more than all,
 The faults she cannot find. *Ebenezer Elliot.*

L.—When he at table takes his place,
 Whatever be the meat,
 He first will chide, and then say grace—
 If so disposed, will eat.
 Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
 He ever will complain;
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too cold,
 Faults he *will* find—or feign;

R.

Let it be flesh, or fowl or fish,
It never shall be said
But he'll find fault with every dish,
With wife or servant maid.
And when he goes to bed at night,
He heartily will weep
That he must part with his delight—
He *cannot* scold—and sleep!
However this will mitigate,
And much abate his sorrow;
That though to-night it be too late,
He'll early scold to-morrow!

Andrew Simpson. 1690

7.

G.—The poets tell of Eastern pearls,
Of Brazil's diamond mine,
But fair New England's factory girls
In greater splendor shine.
Not drones, but busy bees of life,
As round the spindles whirl,
He wins a treasure for his wife
Who weds a factory girl!

D. Cooper Vail.

L.—Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
He'll the swift sliding shuttle throw.

Gay.

K.

8.

- G.—Alas! that Dame Fortune, who goes her way
Over the wide world day by day,
Dispensing as sheer caprice may say
The gifts which are hers to scatter,
Sowing them broadcast, devoid of rule,
And in a manner provokingly cool,
Giving always to some knave or fool
By far the best of the matter—
Giving fame to one, and wealth to two,
And happiness to a blessed few,
Will give nothing to her, and ditto to you,
Then let no false hopes flatter.

Dodge's Lit. Museum.

- L.—Oh, sweetly is bedecked your bower,
And gorgeously your halls;
Here treads the foot on springing buds,
And there on velvet falls;
The massy curtains graceful flow,
The vase, the painting warm,
Those household echoes, mirrors bright,
Revealing the fair form;
Exotics that perfume the air
With odors sweet and strange,
And shells that far in foreign climes
Mid ocean wonders range,
With countless gifts of taste and art
In classic beauty rife,

K.

Are laid upon your household shrine,
And grace your daily life.

Caroline Gilman.

9.

G.—Don't search for "an angel" a minute;
For granting you win in the sequel,
The deuce, after all, would be in it,
With a union so very unequal!
And angels, it must be confessed,
In this world are rather uncommon,
Allow me, dear sir, to suggest
You'd be better content with a woman;
A trim little maiden of twenty,
A beautiful azure-eyed elf,
With virtues and graces in plenty,
And no failing but loving yourself.

Saxs.

L.—His eyes they are dark, sharp, piercing and keen,
His appearance is neither too fat, nor too lean;
His eyelashes long, and his teeth they are white,
His lips invite kisses from morning till night;
His manners are gentle, bewitching and bland,
And love's charming language he'll well understand,
And when the girls tease him, and troublesome be,
He'll chat with them all, but will love only thee.

10.

G.—When September's golden day,
Serenely still, intensely bright,

K.

Fades on the umbered hills away,
And melts into the coming night.

Mrs. Whitman.

L.—The mighty Power that formed the mind
One mould for every two designed,
And blessed the new born pair ;
“ *This* be a match for *that*,” he said,
Then down he sent the souls he made
To seek them bodies here.
But parting from their warm abode
Some lost their fellows on the road ;—
And this the Fates ordain
As your sad lot—for sure am I
‘That none have sought more anxiously,
And sought, alas ! in vain !

Dr. Watts.

11.

I saw thy heart unkindled lay
On Cupid’s burning shrine,
Another heart he stole away,
And placed it near to thine.

I saw the hearts begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun ;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one.

Moore.

K.

12.

G.—Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thy enemy ; greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee ; and industry will preserve thy independence.

L.—Do not let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hand of frugality ; for those who too much indulge in the superfluities of life shall live to lament the want of its necessities.

13.

All that morality can teach is—bear !
And all religion can inspire is—hope !

P. J. Baily.

Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth ;
It has hopes as high as Heaven,
It has labor, it has truth.

It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done ;
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.

There's rising from its troubled deeps
A low, unceasing moan ;
There are aching, there are breaking,
Other hearts beside thine own.

K.

From strong limbs that should be chainless
 There are fetters to unbind ;
 There are words to raise the fallen,
 There is light to give the blind.

There are crushed and broken spirits
 That electric thought may thrill ;
 Lofty dreams to be embodied
 By the might of one strong will.

There are God and Heaven above thee ;
 Wilt thou languish in despair ?
 Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
 Scale the walls of Heaven by prayer.

'Tis the key of the Apostle
 That opens Heaven from below !
 'Tis the ladder of the Patriarch,
 Whereon angels come and go !

Anna C. Lynch.

14.

While you have plenty, and have cash to spend,
 So long you're known, so long you'll have a friend ;
 But change the scene, let fickle Fortune frown,
 You'll stand forsaken, and alas ! unknown

15.

In dreams the form of one you view
 Who thinks on you, and loves you too.

H. K. White.

K.

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes ;
When monarch Reason sleeps this mimic wakes ;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

Dryden

16.

G.—Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fixed forever to detract, or praise ;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.

The secret enemy, whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel—accuser—judge—and spy,
The foe—the fool—the jealous—and the vain,
The envious, who but breathe in others' pain,
Behold the host, delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny !

Byron.

L.—That owing to your love of fashion you are like a
diamond, more costly than useful.

Downey.

17.

G.— Your life may wear a careless smile,
Your words may breathe the very soul of lightness,
But the touched heart must deeply feel the while,
That life hath lost a portion of its brightness ;

K.

And woman's love shall never be a chain,
To bind you to its nothingness again.

Epes Sargent.

L.— You have been wretched, yet
The silver shower whose reckless burden weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head
Oft leaves a saving moisture at the roots.

Wordsworth.

18.

G.—To-morrow, promiseth conscience; and behold no to-day for a fulfillment;
Each morn the bees fly forth to fill the growing comb—
And levy golden tribute of the uncomplaining flowers;
To-morrow is their care; they toil for rest to-morrow;
But man deferreth duty's task, and loveth ease to-day.

Lo, it is the even of to-day—a day so lately a to-morrow!
Where are those high resolves, those hopes of yesternight?
Oh, faint, fond heart, still shall thy whisper be to-morrow?
And must the growing avalanche of sin roll down that easy
slope?

Tupper.

L.—What should they fear who hurry on
Trough life's tumultuous day,
And scarcely give one little hour
To Heaven upon their way?

19.

The power that ministers to Heaven's decrees,
And executes on earth what it foresees,

K.

Called Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Shall bless your hopes, and take your fears away.

20.

Your home a home of happiness,
And kindly love will be,
And many a dwelling-place for joy
In future still I see.
Your happy altar-hearth so bright
Is ever blazing there,
And cheerful faces round it met,
Are an unending prayer.

Nicoll.

21.

It often falls in course of common life
That right long time is overborne of wrong ;
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong ;
But justice, tho' she do her doom prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

Spenser

22.

In this a hidden book
Your fate for you designs ;
And blank are all the lines
On which we dare to look.

23.

Had you the courage, you the means would find,
But timid hearts are always left behind.

K.

24.

To try were vain—for well you know,
You snarl at every one ;
Who then could have a love for you,
Who have a love for none ?

25.

G.—When you are absent she is full of thought,
And fresh, and free, and cordial is the flow
Of your ideal, and unheard discourse ;
Calling you in her heart endearing names,
Familiarly fearless. But alas !
No sooner are you present than her thoughts
Are breathless, and bewitched, and stunted so
In force and freedom, that you ask yourself
Whether she thinks at all, or feels, or lives,
So senseless seems she ! *Taylor.*

L.—His ne'er will be a woman's dower
Of tenderness and love ;
Those who can chain the eagle's power
Can never chain the dove. *Mrs. Embury.*

26.

G.—She has an earnest intellect, a perfect thirst of mind,
A heart by elevated thoughts, and poetry refined.
Willis.

L.—He ever is most fond to add
One insect to the glittering crowd.
And show his trifling heart is glad
To join the vain, and court the proud.
Byron.

L.

1.

G.—Of a needle, which though but small and tender,
Is both a maker and a mender,
A grave reformer of old rents decayed,
Stops holes and seams, and desperate cuts displayed,
And for our country's quiet we would like
That womankind should use no other pike;
It will increase their peace, enlarge their store,
To use their tongues less, and their needles more.

Taylor.

L.—He is immensely fond of dancing.
And somewhat given to romancing.

Praed.

2.

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

Milton.

3.

G.—To follow you through sunshine and through storm,
To still be with you in your weal and woe;
In your afflictions, should they fall upon you;
In your temptations, when bad men beset you;
In all the perils which may press around you,
And should they crush you—in the hour of death!

Taylor.

L.—His motive is this, that when lonely and weary,
And all the gay flutter of youth's dream is past,

L.

To find one bright flower in his pathway so dreary,
One fond tender bosom to rest on at last.

4.

Oh, there is a flower which though teeming with nectar,
Beneath its fair aspect screens misery's dart,
So artfully veiled that it mocks a detector,
Till pressed to the bosom, it pierces the heart.

5.

G.—Kind or cross, false or true,
Love she must, and only you.

L.—He will love thee still when thy changeful eyes
Have grown dim with sorrow's rain,
When the bosom that beats against his own
Throbs slow with the weight of pain ;
When thy silvery laugh rings out no more,
And vanished are youthful charms,
With free goodwill he will love thee still,
He will love thee still, and our dearest one
We give to his sheltering arms.

When thy father is dead, and the emerald sod
Lies soft on thy mother's breast,
When thy brother's voice is no longer heard,
And thy sister is hushed to rest,
He will love thee still—to him thou wilt look,
Thy star on life's troubled sea ;
He will love thee still, through good and ill,

L.

With the marriage vow on thy youthful lip,
Bid all doubt and sorrow flee.

6.

Bid farewell to doubt and sadness,
You will meet in joy and gladness.

7.

G.—When no sharp sickly pain oppresses,
Nor grief nor accident distresses,
She's proud as Lucifer, nor cares
For friends or their most dear affairs;
But when ill fortune brings her down,
There's not a better soul in town,
None then more worthy you will see,
More generous, candid, frank or free.

L.—That base malignant envy which grows pale
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.

Churchill.

8.

G.—Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes.

Cowper.

L.—A *Statesman*, whose clean palm will kiss
No bribe, whate'er it be.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

L.

9.

G.—If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—Wife, Children
and Friends. *R. Spencer.*

L.—Though straiter bounds his fortune does confine,
In his large heart is found a wealthy mine. *Waller.*

10.

G.—With reason firm, and temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light. *Wordsworth.*

L.—He will be everything to you, your sympathizing
friend,
To teach, and help, and lead, and bless, and comfort, and
defend;
He will be tender, just, and kind, unwilling to reprove,
He will do all to bless you by his wisdom and his love. *Tupper.*

11.

G.—Year after year you've lived alone,
As free as waters run—

L.

At least you think so now, but when
The next year is begun
You'll feel such bliss, such happiness
You never felt before,
Hurrah! hurrah! for you will be
A bachelor no more.

Lit. Museum.

L.—The dreary hours will soon be numbered
That bind you to a single life;
And glorious hopes that long have slumbered,
Will crown your wishes as a wife.

12.

G.—Poor fellow, how I pity you! Your life
Will be at best a sorrowful existence—
For wedded trials and a fair young wife
You'll leave so many blessings in the distance;
But there's no help—'tis your predestined fate,
And you will surely marry soon or late.

Farewell to joy! a long, a sad farewell,
For recollect that it will last *forever*,
And *that* you know is something of a spell;
And to be free again were vain endeavor;
When once you've "been and done it" till you die,
You cannot be a bachelor, if you try.

Lit. Museum

L.—They say thy brow is lofty,
And thy tears they never flow,

L.

And thy cold smile is like the gleam
Of moonlight on the snow.

Like a bright spring in the desert—
Like a lone ship on the sea—
Like a white rose in the wilderness
Thy spirit is in thee.

I look beyond the veil that hides
Thy inner life, and see
Thou'rt pining in thy loneliness,
Like land bird on the sea.

I know thy heart's deep yearnings,
And thy thoughts beyond control,
And thy deep and earnest longings
For sympathy of soul.

Then cast aside thy bearing proud,
Stoop from thy high estate—
And the ship shall meet another,
And the bird shall find its mate !

And a traveller, faint and weary,
To the desert spring shall go,
And his soul shall drink forever
Of the music of its flow ! *H. J. H*

13.

To strive well in your vocation,
Let it be your joy and pride,

L.

Making truth your inspiration,
Taking reason for your guide.

Unto no one be a debtor,
Though your dearest friend he be,
Those who borrow bind a fetter
On God's best gift—liberty !

With a shout of bold defiance
Against error take the field,
Let your sword be self-reliance,
And the sense of right your shield.

14.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been actually said that "philosophy readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy." She can teach us to bear the calamities of others with magnanimity, but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

Colton.

Oft mortals, blind and weak below,
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain !
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,
Till mild religion from above
Descends, a sweet engaging form,
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

L.

15.

You'll have a friend whose company will be
A great advance to your felicity. *Pomfret*

16.

Your dream is one of artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When all the world is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers.
And such sweet dreams are oft designed
To cheer the youthful heart ;
But sad experience soon will find
In life they have no part.

17.

G.—That those who assume the greatest consequence
have often the least share of judgment and ability.

L.—That if vanity does not overturn your virtues it
surely makes them totter.

18.

You're dying, as your friends all see,
Of that disease, called constancy ;
They may approach with step courageous,
For your disease is not contagious.

19.

G.—You always had a knack you know,
Of saying things *mal à propos*,

L.

And making all the world reflect
On what it hates to recollect.

You talk to misers of their heir,
To women of the times that were,
To poets of the wrong review,
And to the French of Waterloo.

Praed.

L.—Don't make yourself a mere milliner's dupe ;
A bow on your breast will bring none to your side ;
A heart that's worth having isn't caught in a loop,
Silliness, dear, is the sister of Pride ;
Beauty is simple, and Fashion is blind.
Or she would take out the tucks of her mind.

McDonald Clarke.

20.

You will be matched with one
If not in genius, yet in sympathy ;
Each reverencing what the other reverences,
Each still loving what the other loves ;
Your hopes, your aspirations, your desires,
Your plans and projects for the year to come,
Akin, if not identical.

John Home.

21

G.—You'll use up life in anxious cares,
To lay up hoards for future years.

Gay.

L.

L.— Gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, you will live,
Still struggling on through life's calamities,
With cheerful hope. *Wordsworth*

All is action, all is motion
In this mighty world of ours;
Like the currents of the ocean,
You'll be urged by unseen powers.

Duty points with outstretched fingers
Every soul to actions high,
Woe betide the soul that lingers,
Onward! onward! is the cry.

Though your foes may seem victorious,
And your fairest prospects blight,
Onward! from the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.

Then from duty never falter,
Be the issue what it may,
Let no hopes your conduct alter,
Let no fears your efforts stay

L.

22.

There is probation to decree,
Many and long must the trials be,
Thou shalt victorious endure,
If thy heart be true, and thy motives pure.

Browning.

23.

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long,
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong ;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed ;
Thus hope helps thousands at their need ;
Then faint not, heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

24.

Perhaps you'll feel inclined to laugh,
But of this you may be sure,
You will meet your better half
At some famous water cure.

25.

Oh shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost.
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

Langhorne.

L.

26.

G.— She with quiet air
Of mild indifference, and with truthful words,
Kind, yet determined, still withdraws herself
To chosen solitude, intent to keep
A maiden's freedom. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

L.— You are pretty, he'll agree,
But you love to dance, you see;
And he wouldn't give a fig,
For a dancing whirligig!

M.

1.

G.—They say that in her breast
 Another reigns supreme,
 All love for you suppressed,
 Or thought of as a dream ;
 Then let her go, you'd scorn to own
 A heart where you dwelt not alone.

L.—He is not cold, but he dares not tell
 The hopes which you have read so well,
 Before distrust crept o'er his heart
 That in your thoughts he had no part.

2.

G.—Of her moralizing knitting-work,
 Whose threads most aptly show
 How evenly around life's span
 Our busy threads should go ;
 And if a stitch perchance should drop,
 As life's frail stitches will,
 How if we patient take it up,
 The work will prosper still.

Mrs. C. Gilman.

L.—He snuffs far off the anticipated joy,
 Turtle and venison all his thoughts employ.

Couper.

3.

G.—She has trained her spirit to forgive
 As she hopes to be forgiven ;

M.

And she lives on earth as they should live,
Whose hopes and home are Heaven.

Bowring.

L.—Noble he is, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned, and his soul serene ;
Of no man's presence does he feel afraid,
At no man's presence does he look dismayed ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approves,
Cheerful he seems, and gentleness he loves ;
For bliss domestic is his heart designed,
He with the firmest, has the fondest mind ;
If pride is his, 'tis not their vulgar pride
Who in their base contempt the base deride ;
But if that spirit in his soul has place,
It is the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
Pride in a life that Slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

Crabbe.

4.

G.—She thinks that the beauty of life loses worth
When one being only has joy in its smile ;
That the union of hearts gives that pleasure its birth
Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth
Like the sun on his own chosen isle :
That it gives to the fireside of winter the light,
The glow, and the glitter of spring—
That sweet are the hours when two fond hearts unite,
When softly they glide in their innocent flight
Away, on a motionless wing.

Percival.

M.

L.—He is really much like the minister who married pretty Polly Peters in his sixtieth year, and when the elders came to inquire if she had the requisite qualifications for a pastor's lady he told them he didn't think she had. "But the fact is, brethren," said he, "though I don't pretend she is a saint, she is a very pretty little sinner, *and I love her!*" That's just his case.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

5.

G.—She's fair and false, that caused your smart,
You will love her mickle and lang;
She will break her vow, she will break your heart,
And you may e'en go hang! *Burns.*

L.—Oh, if good Heaven would be so much his friend
To let his fate upon his choice depend,
All that remains of life with you he'd spend,
And think his stars had given a happy end.

Oldham.

6.

Yes, let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,
But ties around that heart are spun,
That will not, cannot be undone.

Campbell.

7.

When forced to part from those we love
Though sure to meet to-morrow,

M.

We yet a kind of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.

8.

G.—It is not mirth, for mirth she is too still ;
It is not wit, which leaves the heart more chill ;
But that continuous sweetness which with ease
Pleases all round it from the wish to please.

New Timon.

L.—To tax a bad voice to slander music. An' he had
been a dog that howled thus, they would hang him.

Shakspeare.

9.

G.—She'll be employed, and with success,
In making all thy sorrows less.

L.—The doctor will call on his patient,
Pronounce him alarmingly ill,
The pulse and the tongue next examine,
Then leave a prescription, or pill—
And say if his orders are followed,
The afflicted will soon be abroad ;
But he's pretty sure not to promise
Which side he will be of the sod.

C. M. M.

10.

G.—The loving will your lot to bless
Is all that she'll at first possess,

M.

But ere you've reached the close of life
You'll gain a fortune through your wife.

L.—A plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate.
Cunningham.

11.

G.—When first you look upon her face
You little note, beside
The timidness that still betrays
The beauties it would hide;
But one by one they look out from
Her blushes, and her eyes,
And still the last the loveliest,
Like stars from twilight skies.
George Hill.

L.—He's one who holds it heresy to *think*,
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,
And deems the first of poets, first of fools.
He never found what good from science grew,
Save the grand truth that "one and one make two."
The kindly throbs that other men control
Ne'er melt the iron of his miser-soul;
Thro' life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends;
No thoughts across his brain scarce dare to creep
Except thrift's parent pair—to get—to keep.
Sprague.

M.

12.

G.—You'll marry with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November ;
She'll make you weary of your life,
By one unruly member.

L.—Why, look upon that golden ring,
You have no cause to shrink,
Though oft 'tis galling as the slaves'
Indissoluble link—
And look upon your Church, the place
Of blessing, and of prayer,
For soon, oh soon, your marriage vows
Will be repeated there.

13.

G.—You are too proud and difficult,
And soon or late you'll find
That those for whom you'd wish to sue
Are not at all inclined.

L.—Beneath your grave-stone you'll be laid
An old and disappointed maid,
Who from your cradle talked till death,
And ne'er till then knew lack of breath.

14.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to
trust nobody ; to befriend none ; to get everything we can

M.

and save all we get; to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us; to be the friend of no man, and have no man for our friend; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as surely as disease, discontent, and disappointment. The esteem of mankind depends upon quite a different thing. To escape the censure of the world you must so live as to avoid the censure of your own heart.

15.

If wisdom's ways you truly seek,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

Never give up ! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair ,
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care ;
Never give up ! or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you—
The watchword of life must be, Never give up.

Never give up ! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one :
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on :
Never give up ! if adversity preases,

III.

Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

Tupper.

16.

Take life as it is—'tis a folly to sigh,
Or seek for a treasure where seeking is vain;
If friendship's a light that goes speedily by,
Regretting its loss is but adding to pain;
Perfection's a thing rarely found upon earth,
We may cherish the hope, and our fancy exalt,
But though we meet many of honor and worth,
We find before long—every man has his fault.

If a world we require that will always be true,
We must learn where it is from the fairies or elves;
The errors of friendship are easy to view;
Not so easy the errors that lie in ourselves.
Perfection's a thing rarely found upon earth;
We may cherish the hope, and our fancy exalt;
But though we meet many of honor and worth;
We find before long—every man has his fault.

Charles Swain.

17.

That not each flower that blossoms bright
Diffuses sweets around;
That not each dream sleep gilds with light,
Will light be found.

III.

18.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But they wonder that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remained in the wheel.

19.

A bird of free and careless wing
Were you through many a smiling spring,
Now caught within Love's subtle snare
You sigh and feebly flutter there.

Byron.

You're weary of the crowded hall, you're weary of the mirth
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of earth.
You're weary of the flatterer's tone, its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before;
You're weary of the heartless throng, of being deemed as one
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.

You speak in very bitterness, for you have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which your spirit knelt,
Yours is the requiem of years in reckless folly passed,
The wail above departed hopes, in a frail venture cast,
The vain regret that steals above the wreck of squandered
hours,
Like the sighing of the autumn wind over the faded flowers.

J. G. Whittier.

M.

20.

G.—Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves,
And on thy dial write—"Beware of thieves!"
Felons of minutes, never taught to feel
The worth of treasures they unthinking steal.

O. W. Holmes.

L.—Pause ere thy choice has clasped the chain
Which may not be unloosed again,
For though of gold its links may be,
They will not press less painfully.

21.

G.—Thy night of oppression shall end,
The sun of thy glory shall rise;
And the star of thy hopes shall ascend,
To its zenith again, in the skies.

L.—The music of the nursery,
And cares of married life,
Will make you think of happy days,
Before you were a wife.

22.

G.—Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state:
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;

ML.

A heritage it seems to me,
Worth being poor, to hold in fee.

J. R. Lowell.

L.—If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like a lengthened flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last.
'Tis thine.

Moore.

23.

If you believe a thing impossible, your desponding will
make it so; but they who persevere shall overcome all
difficulties.

24.

Oh sad estate
Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask
We should be ruined at our own request.

H. More.

25.

Oh, if you wish that happiness
Your future days and years may bless,
And crown your early vow;
Seek not where you would seek in vain,
Ask not for things you can't obtain,
But be content as now.

ML

26.

G.—Would you teach her to love?
For a time seem to rove;
At first she may frown in a pet;
But leave her awhile,
She shortly will smile,
And thus you may win your coquette.

Byron.

L.—The blushing cheek, the sweetness of the face,
The gentle look, coy air, and modest grace,
Are stratagems that prove victorious still—
The surest shafts that beauty takes to kill.

M.

1.

G.—By praise—whose voice is sweet to every ear,
The women love it, and the men revere.

L.—The surest way to make yourself beloved
Is so to act that you may love yourself.

2.

G.—Her heart has settled in a sea of pride,
Till every part is cold and petrified.

H. F. Gould.

And dost thou say her heart is cold,
Because thine eye cannot discover
(As round its jealous glance is rolled
On glittering crowds) one welcome lover ?
And dost thou think she cannot love
Because *thy* suit her lips reprove ?

Oh, valueless the wind-harp's tone,
Which, swept by Summer's careless breezes
Gives forth a wild, uncertain moan,
As often as the zephyr pleases.
Who marks its faint and careless sigh ?
Once heard, it hath no melody.

But when the stricken lyre, which long
Hath hung upon the wall, decaying,
Breathes out its soul of love and song,
Obedient to the minstrel's playing,

M.

And to its master's touch alone
Responds with loud and plaintive tone.

Even so the heart, that, sad and cold,
 Warms not beneath thy careless wooing,
Hath known Love's power in days of old,
 And worshipped—to its own undoing;
And many a passion, quiet now,
Hath glowed upon her faded brow.

And still perchance the day may come,
 When, from its halls of silence taken,
That heart in, its deserted home,
 To life and love and joy shall waken,
It hath the music at command
But thine is not the master's hand.

Mrs. Norton.

L.—Though he loved you once sincerely,
 And his heart was all your own,
'Twas the love of childhood merely,
 Which like childhood soon has flown.

3.

G.—Of her modish hat, whose breadth contains
The measure of its owner's brains.

L.—His corn and cattle are his only care.
And his supreme delight a country fair.

Dryden.

N.

4.

G.—Oh, joy is bright in her laughing eye,
And kindles her youthful bosom,
As a cheerful glance from the golden sky,
On the summer's gentle blossom.
She has dreams which float like a song in the air,
To her buoyant spirit stealing ;
While earth is sweet, and its scenes are fair
To her raptured view revealing.

L.—Good humor reigneth on his brow,
Yet mingled with due gravity,
Smiles play around his handsome mouth,
Though far from levity ;
When sad—the bright smile beaming on his face
Falls on your heart like sunshine in a gloomy place.

5.

G.—She thinks that kindred graces prove
Your heart's for one designed,
Allied by ties of mutual love,
And sympathy of mind.

L.—He had rather have a fool to make him merry than
a lonely experience to make him sad. *Shakspeare.*

6.

G.—To pray for thy heart's hopes when hers are gone,
Nor let its after-coldness chill her own ;

N

To hold thy love, with every fault, more dear
 Than all who whisper fondness in her ear ;
 To joy her in thy joy, and silently
 Meet the upbraiding of thine angry eye ;
 To bear unshrinking all the blows of fate
 Save that which leaves her sorrow desolate ;
 To smile on thee ;—nor weep, save when apart,
 God, and God only, looks into her heart !
 Oh ! *such is woman's love !* *Mrs. Norton.*

L.—Love on his lips, and hatred in his heart,
 His motto—*constancy* ; his creed—to *part* ;
 Rash, cruel, wavering, subtle, insincere,
 The winds of heaven do not so widely veer ;
 Strong in his words, but in his actions weak,
 His greatest talent not to do—but speak,
 Language that burns the unwary to entice ;
 A *head* all *fire* and a *heart* all *ice*. *Byron.*

7.

G.— It is a fearful thing
 To love as she loves thee ; to feel the world—
 The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
 A blank without thee. Never more to her
 Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now
 She has no hope that does not dream for thee ;
 She has no joy that is not shared by thee ;
 She has no fear that does not dread for thee ;
 Her flowers she only gathers for thy sake ;
 The book drops listless down, she cannot read

N.

Unless it is to thee ; her lonely hours
Are spent in shaping forth your future lives,
After her own romantic fantasies ;
Thou art the star round which her thoughts revolve
Like satellites. *Miss Landon.*

L.— He loves thee ; and he feels
That on the fountain of his heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee. *Shelley.*

8.

G.—Though father and mother
Forbid her thy sight,
Though sister and brother
Against thee unite,
Though all that surround you
To part you essay,
Through all will she meet you ;
Love will find out the way.

L. He'll make a pastime of each weary step
Till the last step has brought him to his love.
Shakspeare.

9.

G.— In curious paintings she's exceeding nice,
And knows their several beauties by their price ;
Auctions and sales she constantly attends,
But has her pictures chosen by her friends.
Bramston.

N.

L.—Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
He'll relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun.
Goldsmith.

10.

G.—To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To rear the graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
Well-ordered home your best delight to make ;
And by submission, wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle, care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life.
Thomson.

L.—A sculptor, born to elevate his art,
And loving it with fervor, such as burned
In old Pygmalion's spirit when he yearned
For the sweet image that his hands had made.
Mackoy.

11.

G.—Jewels, and hanging silks, and piled up plate
And marble groups in beauty's choicest mould,
And viands rare, and odors delicate,
And art and nature in divinest works
Swell the full pomp of her triumphant state.
Tupper.

L.—Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Pope.

N.

12.

G.—Thou know'st she's not so beautiful
As many girls we see;
But ah! her heart, so dutiful,
Is beautiful to thee.

L.—A man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
Is everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Blest madman, who can every hour employ
In something new to wish, or to enjoy;
In squandering wealth lies his peculiar art,
Nothing goes unrewarded but desert.

Spectator.

13.

G.—When you would give all wordly plagues a name
Worse than they have already, call 'em—Wife!
Why, what a deal of horror
Has that poor wretch to come that married yesterday.
Otway.

L.—Take thus much of my counsel, marry not
In haste, for she that takes the best of husbands
Puts on a golden fetter; for husbands
Are like to painted fruit which promise much
But still deceive us. *Cupid's Whirligig.*

N.

14.

G.—The duties of a wedded life
Hath Heaven ordained for thee.

Southey.

L.—Married! no, faith! husbands are like lots
In the lottery; you may draw forty blanks,
Before you find one that has any prize in him.

Marston.

15.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made,
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Young.

16.

So act through life that at its closing scene
You may survey the past with soul serene.

G.—Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt;
Neither seek the house of bondage
Walling straightened souls about;
Bats! who from their narrow spy-hole
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—
Trust the wide and wond'rous sea,
Where the tides are fresh forever,
And the mighty current free;
There, perchance, oh, young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be!

N.

Love all things that God created,
 Make your brother's need your care;
 Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
 But where love is, *they* are there;
 As the moonbeams light the waters,
 Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

Thus my brother, grow and flourish,
 Fearing none, and loving all;
 For the true man needs no patron—
 He shall climb and never crawl;
 Two things fashion their own channel—
 The strong man, and the waterfall.

C. G. Duffy.

L.—Oh, thou child of many prayers!
 Life hath quicksands—life hath snares!
 Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
 Morning rises into noon,
 May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
 Birds and blossoms, many-numbered!
 Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows
 When the young heart overflows
 To embalm that tent of snows.

N.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;
 Gates of brass cannot withstand
 One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
 In thy heart the dew of youth,
 On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
 Into wounds that cannot heal,
 E'en as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
 Into many a sunless heart,
 For a smile of God thou art. *Longfellow.*

17.

Thou hast—canst thou be grateful—
 One kind, one generous friend,
 Upon whose best affection
 Thou ever canst depend.

18.

That a cheerful friend will bring thee cheerful news.
Howitt.

19.

G.—That he whose hardy spirit shall engage
 To lash the vices of a guilty age,
 At his first setting forward ought to know
 That every rogue he meets must be his foe ;

N.

That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
Churchill.

L.— That 'tis your joy
To think the best you can of human kind.
Wordsworth.

20.

G.—Much coin, much care; much meat, much malady.

L.—The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose that we are ill;
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors, and imagination flow.
Churchill.

21.

Oh, what a pity that life should be marked by wasted
opportunities of small kindnesses! If recording angels
do wait on mortals' deeds, it is over the blank pages we
fancy most tears are dropped. *Miss Sedgewick.*

22.

This year shall mitigate thy woe;
And as its shadowy trains depart,
The memory of sorrows grow
A lighter burden on thy heart.

23.

G.—Each has his sufferings, all are men
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own. *Gray.*

N.

L.—Such is human life at best—

A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast,
A wreath that is formed of flowerets three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary ;
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,
The cradle, the bridal, and the grave.

Anon.

24.

Between you and your best intent,
Necessity her brazen bar
Will often interpose, as sent
Your pure benevolence to mar.

R. M. Milnes.

25.

What you can do, or think you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, magic in it ;
Only *begin*, and once the mind grows heated,
The task speeds on, and soon will be completed.

Hyperion.

26.

G.—Oh, seek it not, for see how cold
Her words—how formal and precise ;
To know her better would unfold
A heart and mind you must despise.

L.—

You may beseech him
(Chiefly that you may set it in your prayers).
What is his name ?

Shakspeare.

O.

1.

Try every means, use each persuasive art,
To gain an introduction to that heart ;
On your success in *this* the Fates ordain
For you a life of happiness or pain.

2.

G.—The only way your case to recommend
Will be to get assistance from a friend,
For should you prove successful, you must own,
It would not be from your deserts alone.

L.—By throwing affectation out the door,
And being what you are, and nothing more,

3.

G.—Oh, pardon, if in crowds awhile
She wastes one thought she owes to thee
And self-condemned, appears to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory ;
Nor deem that memory less dear
That then she seems not to repine,
She would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

Byron.

L.—Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good
health is short-lived, and apt to have ague-fits.

Erasmus.

O.

4.

G.—Most fond of gossip, on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion's hung;
Who sees, hears, tells, untold before
All that she knows—and ten times more.

Churchill.

L.— A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.

Jonson.

5.

G.—She never slavishly submits,
She'll have her will, or have her fits. *Gay.*

L.—He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation, admirably slow;
He humbly hopes—presumes it may be so.
Cowper.

6.

G.—When better cherries are not to be had
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.
Daniel.

L.—He fears each look and winning smile
That he has loved so long
Would else some trifling fool beguile,
Or charm some heartless throng.

O.

7.

G.— And have you not long read
The heart's hushed secret in the soft dark eye,
Lighted at your approach ; and in the cheek,
Coloring all crimson at your lightest look ?

Landon.

L.—They say he's false—they tell thee so—
That now he wanders free,
That spells are broken, the world invites
To all its gaiety ;
They tell thee, too, that rover-like
He flies from bower to bower,
And, restless, wings his lightsome way,
Tasting at every flower ;
They say he's false, but 'tis his pride
To dare them to the proof ;
Fidelity has been his guide,
His polar star is truth ;
And then, thou never wilt believe
In guile or treachery ;
Thou know'st that he will ne'er deceive,
Who lives alone for thee.

8.

What though the world hath whispered thee 'Beware !'
Thou dost not dream of change. Nay, do not speak,
For any answer would imply a doubt
In love's deep confidence, which not for worlds
Should have existence.

R. Morris.

O.

9.

Your fears are but the groundless apprehensions with which Love maliciously torments his victims, by making all possibles assume the form of probables. The ingenuity which these poor-creatures sometimes exercise at self-torture is astonishing.

C. M. M.

10.

G.—Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives her woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.

Moore.

L.—He will plant, he will reap,
He will gather and keep,
He will dare and bear all,
And let no drop fall,
For the goods of this world
He will anxiously strive,
And will plot and contrive
A fortune to hive.

Schiller.

11.

G.—In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman—calm and holy,
To sit beside the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame.

Longfellow.

O.

L.—He's one of those who either mend or end us.
Secundem artem;—but although we sneer
In health—when sick, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.

Byron.

12.

Thine a most happy choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given.

Lord Lyttleton.

13.

G.—A charming, sweet, and beaming face,
A heart that's most untrue;
Though beautiful, she's valueless
As diamonds formed in dew.

L.—A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
That holds his precious self his dear delight,
Who in the glass does oft his image greet,
And loves his own smart shadow in the street.

Burns.

14.

When "adieu" Father Winter has sadly said,
To the world when about withdrawing,
With his old white wig half off his head,
And his icicle fingers thawing.

H. F. Gould.

O.

15.

G.—You wish to make a fortune, sir,
Before you take a wife,
And thus you will postpone the day
Until the close of life.

L.—Yes, for those beings only are fit for solitude who
like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

Zimmerman.

16.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift;
'Tis haste
Makes waste;
Extremes have still their fault,
Who gripes too hard the dry and slippery sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Herrick.

17.

Let the evening's amusement be such as will bear the
morning's reflection.

It is the fixed law of the universe that little things are
but parts of the great. The grass does not spring up full
grown by eruptions; it rises by an increase so noiseless and
gentle, as not to disturb an angel's ear—perhaps to be invis-
ible to an angel's eye. The rain does not fall in masses, but
in drops, or even in the breath-like moisture of the fine

O.

mist. The planets do not leap from end to end of their orbits, but inch by inch, and line by line it is that they circle the heavens. Intellect, feeling, habit, character, all become what they are through the influence of little things. And in morals and religion—but other names for wisdom and happiness—it is by little things, little influences acting upon us, or *seemingly little*, decisions made by us, that every one of us is going, not by leaps, yet surely by inches, either towards eternal happiness or woe. *T. Edwards.*

18.

Let your summer friends go by
With the summer weather !
Hearts there are that will not fly,
Though the storm should gather.

Summer love to fortune clings,
From the *wreck* it saileth,
Like the bee that spreads its wings,
When the honey faileth.

Rich the soil where weeds appear,
Let their false bloom perish !
Flowers there are more rare and dear,
That you still may cherish.

Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,
Hearts that cannot wither,
These for thee shall bide the storm,
As the sunny weather. *Mrs. Osgood.*

O.

19.

Loves and doves ! Cupids and darts !
Rings and kisses, and bleeding hearts,
Deny the fact as much as you may,
You think of naught else by night or day.

20.

G.—That you profess nothing but what you practice, and
that your word is a sufficient bond for any amount.

L.—Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave your neighbors
to talk of you as they please. *Pythagoras*

21.

G.—You're weary of being in love,
It has long been the plague of your life ;
By all the bright planets above
You want neither sweetheart, nor wife.

L.—You're tired of visits, modes and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms. *Watts.*

22.

Of naught—for thou shalt know no blight,
Whatever fate on others fall ;
For Heaven in sunshine will requite
The good, and thee the most of all.

Byron.

O.

23.

Each morn will see some task begun,
Each evening see its close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Will earn a night's repose. *Longfellow.*

G.—Why need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
Milton.

L.—Many philosophers imagine that the elements themselves may be in time exhausted ; that the sun by shining long will effuse all its light ; and that by the continuous waste of aqueous particles the whole earth will at last become a sandy desert. I would not advise my friends to disturb themselves by contriving how they shall live without light and water. For the days of universal thirst and perpetual darkness are at a great distance. The ocean and the sun will last our time, and we may leave posterity to shift for themselves. *Johnson.*

24.

Thou'lt grow in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile, and home's caress ;
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness *Moore.*

G.—Too curious man, why dost thou seek to know
Events which, good or ill, foreknown are woe ?
Th' All-seeing power that made thee mortal, gave
Thee everything a mortal state should have ;

O.

Foreknowledge only is enjoyed by Heaven,
 And, for his peace of mind, to man forbidden ;
 Wretched were life if he foreknew his doom ;
 E'en joys foreseen, give pleasing hope no room,
 And griefs assured, are felt before they come.
Dryden.

L.—This life is not a vale of woe,
 As stoics paint in declamation,
 For countless blossoms round us glow,
 Which breathe the sweetest exhalation.
 Then let's enjoy our sunny hours,
 Nor mourn anticipated gloom ;
 'Tis folly to neglect the flowers,
 Because they may not always bloom.

Let fools for rank and honor seek,
 Oh, envy not their elevation ;
 Ambition's path is wild and bleak,
 Content is in an humbler station,
 May sweet content, be ever thine,
 Health, friendship, and a faithful lover,
 And never let the dove repine,
 Because the eagle soars above her,
S. Woodworth.

25.

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly
 successful.
Johnson.

O.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be
" *Paddle your own canoe !*"

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart, and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark
Keep an aim in view,
And toward the beacon mark
" *Paddle your own canoe !*"

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source is gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due,
But, while it is called to-day,
" *Paddle your own canoe !*"

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate ?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great ?
Would you bless your fellow-men ?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
" *Paddle your own canoe !*"

O.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong
In the world's free fight ?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few,
To enfranchise slavish mind—
“ *Paddle your own canoe !*”

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost ;
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven in humble trust
All you will to do.
But if you succeed, you must
“ *Paddle your own canoe !*”

26.

You love, and would be loved again,
Do but confess it ;—you possess a soul,
That, what it wishes, wishes ardently,
And this wish shall be granted. *A. Hall.*

P.

1.

Methinks we must have known some former state
More glorious than our present, and the heart
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
By past magnificence, and hence we pine
With vain enthusiastic hopes that fill
The eyes with tears for their own vanity.

London.

2.

Why, just as you would to any one else, I suppose. Find
some third person acquainted with you both, who will pre-
sent you. The ceremony, like all other ceremonies, is in
itself very trifling, and unlike some of them it does not
necessarily affect your happiness. In this respect it has
greatly the advantage of either marriage or hanging.

C. M. M.

3.

G.—Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love
Nothing can make her;—
The devil take her.

Sir John Suckling.

P.

L.—As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all.

A. Hill.

4.

G.—Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were inditers.

Butler.

L.—Your beau so very bashful is,
The question he'll not pop;
Therefore you must propose yourself,
Or give the matter up.

5.

Most fond of *pleasing* by that guileless art
That wins the mind, and captivates the heart.

6.

G.—They say that sometimes from the skies
Commissioned angels come,
Conceal their wings in mortal guise,
And dwell in earthly home;
And I believe the legend true;
If e'er a soul divine
Lay hid within a mortal form
'Tis hers who will be thine.

A. B.

P.

L.—No haughty gesture marks his gait,
No pompous tone his word,
No studied attitude is seen,
No palling nonsense heard ;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour,
Laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
With joyous freedom in his mirth,
And candor in his speech. *E. Cook.*

7.

G.— She would be with thee !
That, weary and depressed,
Left by the world alone,
Thy precious head shall long to rest
On the heart all thine own :
In dark temptation's hour,
To warn, to guard, to shield,
By the resistless power
Undying love can wield.

She would be *ever* with thee !
In sickness and in health :
Through fortune good or ill,
Content in poverty or wealth,
If thou did'st love her still ;
To counsel, to caress,
To lead thee on toward Heaven,
Showing what power to bless
To woman's hand is given. *J. K L.*

P.

L.—To gain a wife, to be sure! What else *could they*
be?

He wants to marry, yes, he does,
He wants a little wife,
To make his tea, and bake his bread,
And be his all—his life.

8.

G.—She will refuse you, though her aunt will say
'Tis an advantage she has thrown away,
And that she'll live to rue it.

L.— He's one of those who love
To trifle in cold vanity with all
The warm soul's precious throbs; to whom it is
A triumph that a fond devoted heart
Is breaking for them—who can bear to call
Young flowers into beauty—and then crush them.
London.

9.

Rich in love,
And sweet humanity, you yet will be
To the degree that you desire, beloved.
Wordsworth.

10.

G.—She is coming—thine own, thy sweet—
Were it ever so airy a tread,

P.

Thy heart would hear her, and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthly bed.
 Thy dust would hear her, and beat,
 Hadst thou lain for a century dead—
 Would start and tremble under her feet.
 And blossom in purple and red.

Tennyson.

L.—Years, long and change-fraught years, must pass
 Ere you will meet as now,
 And care will trace a fadeless scroll
 Upon his aching brow ;
 And fame will breathe her words of fire,
 And twine for him her wreath,
 While affections, like an unwrought mine
 Lie wasting all beneath ;
 And love be to him but a name—
 And pleasure's brimming cup
 Be dashed like rain on desert sands,
 Where none may gather up.

But you will meet—in rapture meet,
 And soon thy look of light
 Will throw a glance of gladness o'er
 His spirit's joyless night ;
 To see thine eyes' enkindling glance
 At each endearing tone ;
 Feel thy hand trembling like a bird
 Just prisoned in his own—
 And know each coming hour will be
 Secure from dangers past ;

P.

Of Heaven he'll ask no *promised* bliss,
So earthly bliss but last.

11.

G.—Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks her with the view,
And like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, but as she follows, flies.

Goldsmith.

L.—A fawning parasite, who bows the knee
To wealth, his golden idol, not to thee ;
Who does declare that honor should await
On those alone by gold made rich and great ;
One who will share with crowds the common lot,
In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot.

12.

G.—To waste God's glorious boon of youthful hours
Among her mates, as shallow, in small talk
Of dress, or weather, or the last elopement.
To mar the canvas with distorted face
Of dog or cat ; or worse, profanely mock
With gaudy beads the pure, light painted flower !
And trim her cap, embroider her visite,
Crochet a purse—do all such pretty things.

Mrs. Osgood.

L.—He is a tailor gay
As ever wore a thimble,

P.

Through life he'll work away,
His fingers always nimble.

Dibdin.

13.

The best of fortunes—innocence and health,
The best of riches—ignorance of wealth.

Goldsmith.

14.

G.—She, like a star-flower in the wood
Her modest charms is hiding,
Content with humbly doing good,
And in God's love abiding.
But though the world observes her not,
In one heart she'll be treasured,
And bright indeed will be his lot,
Who shares her love unmeasured.

L.—Though nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every one his modicum of sense,
In this sad case the modicum is small
And seldom ever seen, if seen at all.
For should you gather all his life's brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
Then should it weigh the importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.

Cowper.

15.

When the happy time shall be
'Tis impossible to say,

P.

For the Fates cannot agree
Yet to fix upon the day.

16.

G.—Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye !
To ask—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply !
A noble flame shall warm thy breast,
A loving maiden faithful prove,
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

Montgomery.

L.—I never knew a young woman that was worth having for a wife, but that some young man that was worth having for a husband would sooner or later find her out.

D. M. A.

17.

Fortune is a fickle goddess,
And withal is very blind ;
Her best gifts she often scatters
Where the less deserving find ;
Man's esteem is but a bubble,
Every moment may destroy ;
To retain it, twice the trouble
Of the value of the toy.

D. M. A.

P.

18.

The heart—the heart ! oh, let it spare
 A sigh for others' pain ;
 The breath that soothes a brother's care
 Is never spent in vain ;
 And though it throb at gentlest touch,
 Or sorrow's faintest call,
 'Twere better it should ache too much,
 Than never ache at all.
 The heart—the heart that's truly blest
 Is never all its own,
 No ray of glory lights the breast
 That beats for self alone. E. Cook.

19.

You will find of the many in life's sunny slumber
 Who around you like summer flies idly have played,
 When dangers encompass—but one of the number,
One friend—and one only—to fly to your aid.

20.

That thou hast already known thy life's hardest trials,
 and that the future has in store for thee joys of which thou
 has not even dreamed.

All night long thy soul is haunted
 By a dream of other days—
 Of a flowery isle enchanted,
 Hidden from the sun's fierce rays ;

P

Lightened by the softened splendor
 Of a holy harvest moon,
 And the saint-like eyes so tender,
 Glowing at the midnight noon.

Many a song have fairies sung thee,
 In thy dream-enchanted hours ;
 Ere Life's serpent-woes had stung thee,
 Crouched amid Love's purple flowers !
 Many a song of wondrous sweetness,
 Which thy heart can ne'er forget,
 Bearing with their cloud-like fleetness
 Thy most passionate regret.

When or where thy youthful spirit
 Found this sparkling isle of bliss,
 Which the angels might inherit
 (With no stint of happiness),
 I've no power to tell in numbers,
 And can only let thee know
 That, though haunting all thy slumbers,
 Waking will its falsehood show.

21.

G.—That you are almost everything you seem to be.

L.—That you are a false friend—like the shadow on a dial, that appears in clear weather, but vanishes when it is cloudy.

P.

22.

In vain you wish for lost repose,
In vain in absence seek relief;
Still love within your bosom glows,
Naught but a wedding cures such grief.

There is a whisper ringing clear
In every sleepless listener's ear,
A whisper of but scanty cheer,
And heard distinctlier every year,
"You might have been—you might have been."

Breathing through the hush of night,
It shuns companionship and light,
A knell, a blessing, and a blight,
We profit if we hear aright
"You might have been—you might have been."

As memory bids the past arise,
The soaring hopes that swept the skies
(Each in its narrow grave now lies),
You hear, and not with tearless eyes,
"You might have been—you might have been."

You might have won the meed of fame,
Essayed and reached a worthier aim,
Had more of joy and less of shame,
Nor heard, as from a tongue of flame,
"You might have been—you might have been."

C. G. Holpin.

P.

23.

G.—Our eyes, though exceedingly useful to us, ask when reasonable, only the cheap assistance of spectacles, which could not much impair our finances ; but the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but yourself were blind, you would want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture. *Franklin.*

L.—We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do ; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants ; if they be real wants they will come home in search of you ; and they who buy what they do not want, will soon want what they cannot buy.

24.

Alas ! alas ! 'tis hard to tell
 What Fate to thee will prove ;
 For o'er thy shoulder hangs the star
 Of disappointed love.
 If good or bad—but acquiesce,
 Nor make your scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at your state ;
 For even should misfortune come,
 You'll find that in this world there's some,
 Misfortunes have made great. *Cowper*

25.

Fair fortune shines with calm and steady ray
 Upon the tenor of thy happy way. *Mrs. Norton.*

P.

Affliction one day, as she hark'd to the roar
Of a stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sand of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.
Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
As he roamed on the verge of the ocean,
Breathed on the figure, and calling it man,
Endowed it with life, and with motion.
A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stamped with each parents' impression,
Between them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.
"He is mine," says Affliction, "I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation ;"
"The materials were furnished by me," answered Earth,
"I gave him," said Jove—"animation."
The gods all assembled in solemn divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict on man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition,
Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woes
Of life seem to harass and goad it,
After death give his body to Earth whence he rose,
And his spirit to Jove, who bestowed it.

Sheridan.

26.

G.—Never doubt a righteous cause ;
Go ahead !
Throw yourself completely in ;

P.

Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead !

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead !
Scale them !—certainly you can ;
Let them proudly dare the skies ;
What are mountains to a man ?
Go ahead !

Though fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead
Let no hardship baffle you :
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead !

George A. Light.

L.—Look forward what's to come, and back what's past ;
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd ;
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess ;
Thou then wilt be secure of the success.

Denham

Q.

1.

Success's the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit ;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate
We do but row ; we're steered by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

Butler.

2.

Your wish is for a happy home
To share with one you love,
That you may from one path of life
Each anxious care remove :
That like the sweet days of the past,
May be the days in store,
This, this you wish—this you shall have ;
You need not ask for more.

3.

A valentine the work must do
For such romantic souls as you.

4.

G.—Let truth, let valor be thy guide,
And faithful love thy priceless jewel,
Thou ne'er shalt lack a lovely bride,
Nor find a female bosom cruel.

Q.

L.—Men are machines : with all their boasted freedom,
Their movements turn upon some favorite passion ;
Let art but find the petted foible out,
We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.
Brooke.

5.

G.—Philosophers their pains may spare
Perpetual motion where to find,
If such a thing be anywhere,
'Tis in a woman's fickle mind.

L.—He hates to be spoken to ever,
He hates to be noticed at all ;
And the state he most fervently covets
Is the state of—a stone in the wall.

6.

G.—Most fond of teasing others—always teased,
Whose only pleasure is—to be displeased.
Cowper.

L.—He's one, who, where'er he may go,
Finds naught to please, or to exalt—
Whose constant study is to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.
C. Swain.

7.

G.—Over her features steal, serenely mild,
The trembling sanctity of woman's truth,

Q.

Her modesty, and simpleness, and grace;
 Yet those who deeper scan the human face
 Amid the trial-hour of fear or ruth,
 May clearly read upon the heaven-writ scroll
 The high and firm resolve which nerved the Roman
 soul. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

L.—Open, without levity; generous, without waste;
 secret, without craft; humble, without meanness; bold,
 without insolence; cautious, without anxiety; regular, yet
 not formal; mild, yet not timid; firm, yet not tyrannical;—
 and is made to pass safely the ordeal of honor, friendship,
 and virtue. *Levater.*

8.

G.—That you may ever, side by side,
 From happy hours to happier glide,
 And ever may the bursting sigh
 You give to hours that vanish o'er you
 Be followed by the smiling eye
 That hope shall shed on scenes before you.

L.—To gain a home where kindness seeks
 To make that sweet which seemeth small;
 Where every lip in fondness speaks,
 And every mind hath care for all.
 Whose inmates live in glad exchange
 Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
 Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
 Nor wise denials give offence. *C. Swain.*

Q.

9.

G.—It now has come into her head
That she must grow discreet and sage,
For there are hints “her charms have fled,”
And she has reached “a certain age,”
So the next offer—’tis her plan
To nail decisive on the spot,
’Tis time she should secure her man,
Whether he’s just her choice or not.

L.—He never drew a radiant scene
But thou mad’st all its happiness,
And dark and cold his life had been
Hadst thou not promised it to bless ;
Thine image from the first hath dwelt
Within his breast, as in a shrine,
Before which his young heart hath knelt
With faith that never knew decline.

10.

G.—She said she would love thee,
In want, and in wealth,
Through clouds and through sunshine,
In sickness, in health ;
Then why shouldst thou fear
When thy spirit is weak ?
For the troth she has plighted,
She never will break.

C. Neale

Q.

L.—He loves thee not. He knows deceit
And guile are in thy heart,
That all thy words and smiles so sweet
Are tricks of woman's art :
He loves thee not—he will not lay
One offering on thy shrine ;
Though others their devotions pay
As though thou wert divine.

11.

Though oceans may sunder
Or mountains may close,
Though tempests may thunder
The path to oppose,
Though earthquakes between you
Abysses display,
You will meet with each other,
Love will find out the way.

12.

G.—It is not her folly—that might be amusing ;
Nor homeliness—this is of no one's own choosing ;
But mocking-bird wisdom, and learned pretences,
That e'er long will drive you quite out of your senses.

L.—He is so fond of contradicting that he will open the
window at midnight to dispute the watchman, who is call-
ing the hour.

Sydney Smith.

Q.

13.

G.—She does those little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise,
For naught that sets one heart at ease
Is low or worthless in her eyes.

J. R. Lowell.

L —A reverend reader of the text divine,
God's sacred messenger, man's earthly guide,
Whose own pure life like crystal sand doth glide.

R. M. Charlton.

14.

Two geese, five chickens, and but little gold,
A sour companion, ugly—lame—and—old.

15.

G.—With her mien she enamors the brave ;
With her wit she engages the free ;
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She'll be every way pleasing to thee.

Shenstone.

G.—Why, a stranger when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And if any painter drew her
He would paint her unaware,
—With a halo round her hair.

Q.

Oh! her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are;

And all hearts do pray "God love her!"

Ay, and certes, in good sooth,
We may all be sure *He doth*.

E. B. Browning.

L.—His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers, sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from earth.
Shakspeare.

16.

When spring with its buds is here,
The gladdest time in the capricious year,
With its green foliage, and its sunlight clear;
And with a drowsy tune
Of the bright leaping waters as they pass
Laughingly on amid the listening grass.

W. H. Burley.

17.

G.—Not a laugh will be heard, nor a joyous note,
As you to the bridal are hurried;
Nor a wit will discharge his farewell shot,
As this bachelor goes to be married.

You'll be married quickly to save your fright,
Your friends from the sad sight turning;

Q.

And they'll sigh as they stand by the lamps' dim light,
To think you're not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor, free and bright,
And shy of the sex as they've found you
Should there at last, in example's spite,
Be caught in the chain that has bound you.

When the few short words that wed, are said,
Though your heart will be awfully quaking,
They'll escort you home from the scene of dread,
Of wine and cake partaking.

Slowly and sadly they'll then go home
And to others tell the story,
How you never more will in freedom roam
Or be found alone in your glory.

L.—Yes, but many a marriage wreath
Has been worn by an aching heart,
As the wild flower blooms in the barren heath
In its lonely beauty apart.

18.

G.—Go get ye wealth, no matter how—
No questions asked of the rich, I trow :
Steal by night and steal by day,
Doing it all in a legal way ;
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant, and insult your Maker !
Be ye hypocrite, knave, or fool,
But don't be poor ! remember the rule—

Q.

Dimes and dollars ! Dollars and dimes !
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes.

L.—You ne'er must crouch to those above ;
You ne'er must tread on those below ;
Love those—they're worthy of thy love ;
Love these—and thou wilt make them so,

19.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the Heaven above.

You no riches must covet, no glory must want,
Let ambition be nothing to you ;
But you one thing must beg of kind nature to grant,
A mind independent and true ;
With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason your life you must square ;
The wants of your nature are cheaply supplied
The rest are but folly and care.
The blessings which nature so kindly has lent
You must justly and gratefully prize ;
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make you both healthful and wise,
In the pleasures the great man's possessions display
Unenvied you'll challenge your part ;
For every fair object your eyes can survey
Will contribute to gladden your heart.

Q.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife
The many their labors employ ;
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they choose, may enjoy.

20.

You think much of friendship—you'll find 'tis a word
Which to speak is but folly—to think is absurd ;
Then bind not yourself in this beautiful chain ;
For its links are deception, its gilding is vain.

21.

Dreams are the mirrors of the slumbering mind,
Reflecting images before them cast ;
And busy thought will there a picture find
Of times and scenes in the forgotten past.
And visions also of the great "To be,"
Are sometimes faintly pictured on the glass,
In which the spirit may, foreshadowed, see
Not what hath been—but what will come to pass.
And yours doth signify or grief, or joy,
As your exertions and deserts shall prove,
Worthy the objects that your thoughts employ,
And end in either vanity or love.

22.

G.—That there's folly in all your schemes
For spite of your plotting and wit,
They know there's another hand
That leads you with "bridle and bit."

Q.

L.—That you are one of those beloved ones here,
Whom *eyes* perchance might slightly pass o'er,
But whose true wisdom, gentleness and worth,
Unchanging friendship, ever-faithful love,
And countless minor beauties of the mind
Attach our *hearts* in deep affection still.

Twamley.

23.

We may desire some things, yet dread them too, as old
age, death, and matrimony. *Acton.*

G.— I classed and counted once
Earth's lamentable sounds—the well-a-day,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed farewell, the greeting mournfuller ;
But all these accents were
Less bitter with the leaven of earth's despair,
Than these words—"I loved *once*."

E. B. Browning.

L.—Wasted founts of deepest love,
Gifts of mercy from above,
Lavished on a human breast,
Striving for an earthly rest ;
On a human idol pouring
Treasures from affection's deep ;
At a human shrine adoring,
Waking but to writhe and weep :
Heart sore-stricken ! Love Eternal
Woos thee from a heavenly throne ;

Q.

He, the world's Redeemer asks thee
Now to trust the unchanging One.

24.

G.—The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old
age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

Colton.

G.—The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph, more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
- Irreverence for the dreams of youth !

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds
That have their root in thought of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes,
The action of the nobler will !

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath your feet, if you would gain
In the bright field of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

Longfellow.

L.—Of nothing—if you do not stray
From Truth's secure, unerring way,
Where no delights decoy,
O'er roses shall your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy.

Q.

25.

Life's "common blessings!" In this chequered scene,
 How little gratitude ascends to God!
 Is it in truth a privilege so mean
 To wander with free frootsteps o'er the sod,
 See various blossoms paint the valley clod,
 And all things into teeming beauty burst!
 A miracle as great as Aaron's rod!
 But that our senses into dullness nurst,
 Recurring custom still with apathy hath curst.

Mrs. Norton.

26.

G.—Here nothing strikes the eye but sights of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart,
 And elegant sufficiency, content;
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.

Thomson.

L.—Oh! none shall have a better home,
 Or brighter lot than thine,
 None richer dress wherein to roam,
 Or gems that brighter shine;
 Attendants gay shall lead the way
 Where'er thy steps appear;
 And life shall be a dream of May—
 And May last all the year!

C Swain

R.

1.

All of a tenor is your coming life,
No day discolored with domestic strife,
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceived.

Dryden.

Embarked upon life's summer sea
Its bright skies beaming o'er thee,
There's many a woe thou dream'st not of,
And peril spread before thee.
Life is a voyage deeply fraught
With dangers, cares, and sorrow,
Where, though our sun be bright to-day,
'Tis clouded on the morrow.
Oh! may the happy lot be thine
To shun the syren—Pleasure,
Though o'er the craggy cliff sublime
She sing to sweetest measure;
Dashed on her rocks full many a bark
With buoyant hopes hath perished,
And many a "Bonny Boat" gone down
With treasures fondly cherished.
But there's a star which brightly shines
O'er life's tempestuous ocean,
Religion is its sacred name,
'Tis lighted by devotion.
On this the Christian mariner
Casts his untiring vision,
For 'tis to him the polar star
That guides to bliss Elysian.

R.

2.

G.—If you would learn to dissipate the band
 Of huge and threat'ning difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 His soul appall, and damp his rising fire,
 RESOLVE! RESOLVE! to be a man aspire!
 Exert that noblest privilege alone
 Here to mankind indulged—control desire;
 Let godlike reason from her sovereign throne
 Speak the commanding word *I will!* and it is
 done. *Thomson.*

L.—To do is to succeed, if fight
 Is waged in Heaven's approving sight,
 The smile of God is victory! *Whittier.*

3.

There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does
 not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and
 a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has
 judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to
 accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we
 cry like children for the moon, like children we must
 cry on. *Burke.*

4.

To do it yourself will give no offence;
 And thus you will show both your breeding and
 sense.

R.

5.

G.—Naught shines so bright in beauty's eyes
 As a cold fearless gallant bearing,
 The proudest seems his heart to prize,
 The fairest would his fate be sharing.

L.—Thou wouldst be loved ! Then let thy heart
 From its present pathway part not !
 Be every thing which now thou art,
 Be nothing which thou art not.
 So with his heart thy gentle ways
 Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
 Shall be an endless theme of praise,
 And love—a simple duty. *E. A. Poe.*

6.

G.—Love well thou knowest no partnership allows,
 Cupid averse, rejects divided vows.

Prior

L.—For awhile you were his goddess, but now that his
 eyes are opened, the divinity is all gone, and you seem to
 him naught but an every-day woman. *Old Play.*

7.

G.—Of the cups that cheer, but do not inebriate.

Cowper.

L.—Though he reads not, and thinks not, at least he can
 dress,
 Thus showing, you know, where he looks for success :

R.

He estimates justly his person and brains,
By thus showing all which most merits his pains.

8.

G.—Ah ! could you look into her heart,
And watch your image there !
You would own the sunny loveliness
Affection makes it wear. *Mrs. Osgood.*

L.—Oh ! how he'll swear to Heaven and his bride,
He will be kind to her and none beside ;
And to himself the while in secret swear
He will be kind to ev'ry one but her. *Crown.*

9.

G.—That in joy, or in grief, in mirth, or in danger,
When friends and when fortune forsake as they
will,
She can smile at their spite, to their terrors a stranger,
For the one she has chosen will cherish her still.

L.— Perhaps his thought
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
This maid will make. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

10.

G.—I know a lady, fair to see,
Take care ;
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

R.

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

From the German.—Longfellow.

L.—Love him with thy open youth,
With its frank surrender,
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love him with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting,
Taking color from the skies,
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love him with their lids that fall
Snow-like at first meeting,
Love him with thy heart that all
The neighbors then see beating.

Love him with thy thinking soul—
Break it to love-sighing;
Love him with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Thus if thou wilt prove him dear,
And woman's love no fable,
He will love thee—half a year
If a man is able!

E. B. Browning.

R.

11.

G.—Sum up each feeling thou hast won,
Each token offered there—
How few for hope to build upon,
How many for despair;
And if e'er word or look declareth
Love or aversion which she beareth,
While of the first no proof thou hast,
How many are there of the last.

G.—Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt his love. *Shakespeare.*

12.

G.—Linger not long ! How will she watch thy coming.
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell,
Linger not long !

How will she watch for thee when fears grow
stronger,
As night draws dark and darker on the hill,
How will she weep when she can watch no longer
And thou art absent—art not coming still !
Linger not long !

R.

L.—Dear to his heart as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee he courts each waking dream,
And decks with smiles the future day,
And thus beguiles the present pain
With hopes that you shall meet again.

Mrs. Hunter.

13.

G.—Thou wilt win one whose heart is by the hearth,
And who eschews the thoroughfares of life,
Deeming her home the central point of earth;—
Such will thou ever find thy gentle wife.

L.—Two of the hardest things on earth to do
Are to be selfish, and be honest too;
And those who smoothly manage this will find
But few spare moments for repose of mind.

14.

G.—Deeds of gentle goodness are
The measure of her hours.

G. Hill

L.—Under six heads his toils unite,
And "Law" crowns all, and makes it right;
First the beginning, or—incipiendum,
Second the uncertainty—dubitendum;
Third, the delay, or—puzzlerendum;
Fourth, the replies, without an—endum,

R.

Fifth, summing up—monstrum et horrendum;
Sixth—remuneratum fiddlerendum

15.

G.—Hath knowledge no intrinsic power
Our illa to soothe and make them less?
Can music charm no weary hour?
Hath love no magic power to bless?
D. M. A.

L.—Before you descend into the grave,
You will a small house and large garden have.
Cowley.

16.

G.—She is a form of life and light,
That seen, becomes a part of sight,
To rise, where'er you turn your eye,
The morning star of memory.
Byron.

L.—He is more than six feet high,
And fortunate, and wise;
He has a voice of melody,
And beautiful black eyes.
Praed.

17.

G.—You think the girls all dead in love
With your dear pretty face;
But if you marry to your mind,
You'll have a ten years' race.

R.

L.—When you're ready, all ready, tis certainly hard
That from Hymen's soft bonds you so long are
debarred,
But the Fates have decreed—though I say it with
tears—
That you still must live single at least fifteen years

18.

G.— Ah, yes! it shall be thine
In wedded bliss to join,
Thine with another heart,
United though apart,
Like two close stars that mingling shine but one,
Whose pleasant pathway lies
'Neath tender watchful eyes,
Whose love shines clearer than the morning sun.

L.—Thy life will prove a chequer-board
Admixt with care and strife;
But not in single blessedness
Shall set thy sun of life.

19.

Consult your means, avoid the tempter's wiles,
Shun grinning hosts of unreceipted files;
Let Heaven-eyed prudence battle with desire,
And win the victory, though it be through fire.

J. T. Fields.

R.

20.

In matters of conscience be governed by first thoughts,
in matters of prudence by last.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ,
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory !—the flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in
tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

"Labor is worship !"—the robin is singing,
"Labor is worship !"—the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower ,
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;
Only man in the plan ever shrinks from his part.

R.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round
thee,

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look on yon pure Heaven, smiling beyond thee,

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.

Work for some good—be it ever so slowly,

Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly,

Labor !—all labor is noble and holy ;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Mrs. Osgood.

21.

Though love's warm heart may not be thine,
Friendship shall prove a balm divine ;
Of soft participating power,
To soothe and bless life's transient hour ;
Her lovely smile will paint the bliss,
Of promised worlds, and sweeten this.

22.

G.—You dreamed the time already come,
When you'll rejoice in wife and home ;
So strangely slumber's wondrous powers,
Condense long years of bliss in hours.

But time has powers too, as strange,
For you 'twill bring a happy change ;
A *real* home, bright with love's beams,
Will prove your fond dreams more than dreams

C. M. M.

R.

L.—Well can I read thy dreams—thy gentle heart,
 Already woman's in its wish to bless,
 Now longs for one to whom it may impart,
 Its untold wealth of hidden tenderness,
 And pants to learn the meaning of the thrill
 Which wakes when fancy stirs affection's rill.

How vain are all such visions!—couldst thou know,
 The secrets of a woman's weary lot—
 Oh! couldst thou read upon her pride-veiled brow,
 Her wasted tenderness, her love forgot—
 In humbleness of heart thou wouldst bow down,
 And pray for strength to wear her victim crown.

Mrs. Embury.

23.

That you're not so bad as the worst, they agree,
 Nor so good as the best, by at least two or three.

24.

G.—Hush! none shall know how dear,
 How long you loved, nor yet how blindly,
 And none a sigh shall ever hear,
 Nor yet shall see a single tear,
 Although she spurned you so unkindly.

L.—You're sad—but can give no good reason,
 Why sorrow unbidden should stay,
 And all the bright joys of life's season
 Be driven unheeded away.

R.

Your cares would wake no more emotion,
Were you to your lot but resigned,
Than pebbles flung into the ocean,
That leave scarce a ripple behind.

G. P. Morris.

25.

G.—You are most in danger when love is the tale,
That love over reason in you will prevail.

Mrs. Osgood.

L.—Beware of flattery and flatterers. Guard against
confiding in those who lack high moral principle, and lurk
in your path only to betray and destroy. *Magoon.*

26.

G.—Oh! happy 't were could the deeds that disgraced
Your life the past year be forever effaced ;
But this year shall see you, before it is past,
Humbled low in the dust for the sins of the last.

L.—This year your life's eventful tide,
Its days and months shall silent glide ;
Devoid of joys or fears,
Your fleeting hours shall henceforth bear,
Division between humble prayer ;
And retrospection's tears.

S.

1.

If thou wilt not at grief repine
 Nor yield to dark despair,
 A brighter day may yet be thine,
 And joy thou still may'st share ;
 Thy shattered hopes thou may'st retrieve,
 And gain a sure relief,
 If thou no more dost sadly grieve,
 But triumph o'er thy grief.

2

G.—If I had a prophet's eye to see
 The length of thy future way,
 I might not whisper thy destiny,
 Nor reveal what thy fate on earth may be,
 For oft shall thy footsteps stray ;
 But yet around thee shall joys be thrown,
 And flowers strewn in thy way!

L.—To watch, perhaps, a wild and wandering heart,
 To chain by love the rover ; to beguile
 His wayward mood, when tears are fit to start,
 With soft persuasive eloquence ; to smile,
 E'en while the heart is breaking—is the lot,
 Of woman's life, alike in palace or in cot !

To grieve—ah ! not to chide him—that his love
 Esteems her peace so lightly ; but to twine
 Her arms round his, nor by a look reprove ;
 To lay her heart before him, as the shrine

S.

That it was sworn to worship ; to win back
The wanderer's erring feet to Virtue's peaceful track.

These, and a thousand cares like these beside,
Make up the lot of woman ; all the hours
Of her life are not sunshine ; to provide,
While summer lasts, against those wintry showers,
That love must sometimes know, should be her care,
If e'er she hopes on earth one peaceful hour to
share.

3.

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals
On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,
By slightest means to lay their towering schemes
Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.
Thomson.

4.

Your wish is very moderate,
But little can you need ;
Go on, there's nothing in the way,
You surely will succeed.

5.

Desire it not, for time will show
The gain would be but small,
For thou wouldst get but small reward,
And give perhaps thine all.

S.

6.

G.—Flatter and praise, extol her every grace,
 Though ne'er so black, call hers an angel's face;
 That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Shakspeare.

L.—When of a man he asks a question,
 He wants for answer "Yes" or "No;"
 He's not content with that evasion,
 That half refusal, "May be so."

He always doubts the friendly meaning
 Of "Well," "Perhaps," "I do not know;"
 When for a favor he is suing,
 He'd rather have the answer "No!"

And when he asks that trembling question,
 "Will you be mine, my dearest miss?"
 He'll wish you, without hesitation,
 To say distinctly, "*Yes sir, yes!*"

7.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor, but
 not a long polar frost of downright indifference.

Sir W. Scott.

G.—You came too late!—Neglect had tried
 Her constancy too long;
 Her love had yielded to her pride,
 And the deep sense of wrong;

S.

She scorned the offering of a heart
Which lingered on its way
Till it could no delight impart,
Nor spread one cheering ray.

You came too late!—At once you felt
That all your power was o'er,
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She thought of you no more;
Anger and grief had passed away,
Her heart and thoughts were free;
She met you, and her words were gay,
No spell had memory.

You came too late!—The subtle chords
Of love were all unbound;
Not by offence of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew that life held nothing now
That could the past repay,
Yet she disdained your tardy vow,
And coldly turned away.

You came too late!—Her countless dreams
Of love had long since flown;
No charms dwelt in your chosen themes,
Nor in your whispered tone;
And when with word and smile you tried
Affection still to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And spurned your fickle love.

Miss E. Bogart.

8.

L.—'Tis difficult to see another,—
The passing stranger of a day,
Who never hath been friend or brother,
Pluck with a look your heart away ;
'Tis difficult at once to crush
The rebel mourner in the breast,
To press the heart to earth, and hush
Its bitter jealousy to rest ;
And difficult—the eye gets dim
The lip wants power—to smile on *him* !
Willis.

8.

G.—Of her pride—all attempts to explain which defies,
That with so little food it should reach such a size.

L.—Cash ! cash ! for this he'll strive and toil,
At morning, noon, and night,
He'd plough the sea, or till the soil,
He'd practice Coke and likewise Hoyle,
On politics he'd write ;
For well he knows who cuts a dash
Must have his pockets filled with cash.

9.

G.—Sometimes sweet, and sometimes sour,
Frowns to awe, and smiles to please,
Varying with the varying hour,
Changing with the changing breeze.

S.

L.—He's one of those to whom we bring
 Delighted heart and soul,
 Whose strength is sweetness—love to man
 The centre of the whole.

10.

G.—They are not beauty—'tis a gleam
 That tints the morning sky ;
 They are not learning—'tis a stream
 That glides unheeded by ;
 They are—to gain good sense, refined,
 Candor with prudence blended,
 A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
 With charity attended.

L.—He thinks that happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it, on a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how furnished, provided there is hope in it ;—let the winds blow—close the curtains !

What if they are calico, or plain, without a border or tassel, or any such thing ! Let the rain come down !—heap up the fire, and the darkness and gloom are all without. Then wheel the sofa round ; no matter if the sofa is a settee, uncushioned at that ; it is long enough for two, or say two or so ; then with two or so in it, by the beautiful light the glowing coals make, reddening, clouding, shedding sunset radiance through the little room ; just enough to talk by ; not loud as in the highways ; not rapid, as in the hurrying world—but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between for the storm without, and the thoughts within to

S.

fill up. Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty nine and a half statute miles nearer "perfect bliss" than from any other point in this world, laid down in the geographies.

Maybe you smile at this picture; but it is a copy of a picture, rudely drawn, but true as life, of an original in every human heart.

11.

G.—Ah, soon thine own confest, ecstatic thought!
That hand shall strew thy summer path with flowers;
And those blue eyes, with modest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

Rogers.

L.— He has so fixed his heart upon you,
That wheresoe'er he forms a scheme of life,
For time to come, you are his only joy,
With which he's wont to sweeten future cares.

Otway

12.

G.—Ah, yes her heart hath never swerved
From what it ought to be.
And faithfully it hath preserved
Each little thought of thee.

L.—First, shall the heavens want starry light,
The sea be robbed of their waves.
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, and dead men graves,
The April flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before he'll false his faith to thee.

S.

First, direful Hate shall turn to peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain
That makes a hated heart to bleed,
Before he'll false thee at thy need.

Dr. T. Lodge. 1590.

13.

You parted when youth's smiles were bright,
And pleasures gaily shone around you,
And deemed the holy fetters light,
In which young Love then smiling bound you.
You'll meet again; again you'll rove,
United, through your smiling bowers,
Unchanged in heart, and true in love,
Renewing former blissful hours.

14.

G.—She is so curious, she would like to turn the rainbow over to see what is on the other side.

L.—To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel,
When gain or self demands, a bigot's zeal;
His ruling passion is for pomp and power,
To be the leader of the varying hour.

15.

G.—To stir the pudding shall demand her care,
To spread the table, and the bowls prepare,
To feed the children, as their portions cool,
To comb their heads, and send them off to school

S.

L.—At the wondrous daguerrian art,
Sweet girl, you will own he is clever,
When with one sunny glance on your heart,
He has printed his image forever.

16.

For gold and lands you know
You've waited many a year,
And many, many more,
You'll have to wait I fear.

17.

G.—Oh, she is a lovely lass,
As ever man did woo;
Her eyes all eyes on earth surpass,
They'll kill and cure you too.

L.—Trained up in virtue's path from early youth,
His mind imbued with bright unwavering truth,
Gifted with genius varied, rich, and rare,
Of temper sweet—in person graceful, fair.

18.

When winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Cometh, so white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the spring below.

Barry Cornwall.

19.

G.—A maiden beautiful as light
'Twill be thy lot to wed,

S.

With a rich fortune which shall pour
 Its fullness on thy head.
 Her hand shall smooth the bed of pain,
 When anguish wrings thy heart
 And with her sex's gentleness,
 Soothe sorrow's keenest dart.

L.—Canst tell what maidens long for most?
 You know—'tis love and marriage!
 Well, with both these you soon shall boast
 A servant and a carriage.

20.

'Tis easy if you strive to keep
 Each passion under strict control,
 Nor let a wily tempter creep
 Into the garden of the soul;
 If you will conquer selfish pride,
 And each inordinate desire,
 And take the Scriptures for your guide,
 And speak and act as they require.

21.

Act with stern truth, large faith, and loving will
Lowell.

*G.**—Happy that man may pass his life,
 Who is directed by a wife;

* By reading every alternate line, the reverse sentiment will be found.

S.

Who's free from matrimonial chains,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace,
Till he beheld a woman's face;
When Eve was given him for a mate,
Adam was in a happy state.

For in the female race appear
True friendship, and a heart sincere;
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride,
In woman never can reside.

What tongue is able to unfold,
The virtues you in her behold;
The faults that in a woman dwell,
Are almost imperceptible.

They're always studying to employ
Their leisure hours in virtuous joy;
Their time in malice, and in lies.
To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise.

Destruction to those men, I say,
Who no regard to woman pay;
Who make the fair their chief delight,
Keep reason always in their sight.

L.—Oh! happy they who happy *make*—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest,
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive, in all things, for the best!

S.

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish—no impulse—to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Who dream not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets,
The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
Nor fallen Power that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that gold can purchase more,
Are gauds it is no loss to lose!

Charles Swain.

22.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice; nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue,
Let them be good that love you, though but few.

Jonson.

23.

G.—You dreamed of a lonely and lovely glen,
To the north was a forest of darkling pine;
To the south were hills all green with the vine,
Where the ruby clusters sparkled like gems,
Seen upon princely diadems;

S.

On the rocks were goats as white as snow,
 And the sheep-bell was heard in the valley below ;
 And, like a nest, in the chestnut's shade,
 As just for love and contentment made,
 A little cottage stood, and the tree
 Shadowed it over most gracefully ;
 You thought it was yours—one was standing by,
 Who welcomed you, and you felt a sigh,
 Warm on your cheek, and your lips then met—
 On yours the touch is thrilling yet!
 But alas ! you awakened, and all you can do,
 Is to tell the sweet dream to the one who loves you !

L. E. L.

L.—That the one who you thought
 Fondly hung o'er the stream,
 And plucked you the roses,
 Will flee with your dream ;
 Then rely not on dreams, for such visions you'll find,
 Are nought but illusions that dazzle and blind.

24.

G.—That every heart must bleed to see,
 A mind which such fair promise gave
 Of talent, worth, and purity,
 Become so soon to vice a slave.

L.—We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a
 good life enables us to despise them. *Addison.*

2.

25.

G.—Now list, and I'll tell you the secret, which, pray,
Only trust to such friends as in safety you may ;
“ Though they know not your folly, they long have
suspected—
You're in love! and your offers have all been re-
jected.”

L.—You do love, and it hath taught you to rhyme and
be melancholy. *Shakspeare.*

26.

G.—Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself; we may out-run
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. *Shakspeare.*

L.—Timid natures are ever in danger of being driven
into dissimulation when too severely taxed about their
actions, or visited for their errors. *Mrs Porter*

T.

1.

Many a one for land, takes a fool by the hand.

Whate'er it be—when woes arise,
And in your heart despondence sighs,
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er your spirit steals,
Grateful then hear the kind decree
That "as your day, your strength shall be."

If with sad footsteps memory roves
Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
If sleep your tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks your sighs
Still to the promise you can flee,
That "as your day, your strength shall be."

Mrs. Sigourney.

2.

This year Love's forcible appeal
Shall bind you in its spell,
How keenly it can make you feel,
You'll know, alas! too well.

3.

Your life shall be as it has been,
A sweet variety of joys.

R. H. Wilde.

List! list! and I will read to thee
Thy hidden page of destiny;
No sibyl leaves, no charmed spell,
Need aid me in the talé I tell.

T.

I'll tell thee first, thy soul's desire,
And if thine eye should light with ire,
And if a frown should spoil thy brow,
I can but laugh, as I do now.

It is thy first, great wish to be,

A thing of fearful destiny!

But list, my friend, thy star reveals
What thy own vanity conceals ;
Thou yet must be, spite of thy will,
A middling sort of person still ;
No fearful deed will stamp thy name,
Immortal, on the scroll of fame ;
Thy little, petty acts will be
All of thy fame—enough for thee !
Unloving and unloved thou'lt live,
But not because men "dread and fear ;
But that thou hast not soul to give
A generous thought, a kindly tear ;
Thou'lt die, and some perhaps may weep
(For nature prompts the natural tear,)
But no devoted one will keep,
A vigil o'er thy bier !
Unloved thou'lt live, forgotten die !
I've read thy page of destiny.

4.

Hope spreads her soaring wings,
Looks forth on the boundless sea,
And traces bright and beautiful things
On the veil of the great "To Be."

T.

But alas ! for the hopes and the visions of youth,
Experience destroys every shade of their truth.

5.

G.— Your wish shall be granted,
Your hopes all succeed,
And fruition crown every desire,
If from virtue and honor
You copy your creed,
And to nothing immoral aspire.

L.—All look for happiness beneath the sun,
And each expects what God has given to none.

Mrs. Norton.

6.

If such introduction you really desire,
You must get some kind friend to direct it,
For your merits alone, you must candidly own,
Would never, no never, effect it.

7.

You never need for favor there to sue,
Till *person, mind, and soul* are born anew.

8.

G.—It met her—that cold and withering look—
Yet her brow was still unclouded ;
Not a moment the smile her lip forsook,
And no gloom her eyes enshrouded ;
Her song rang forth, and her laugh rose high,
But she saw that look with her *heart's own eye*

T.

It fell from thy lips—that chilling word—
 When her soul with joy was teeming ;
 And you dreamed not that by her 'twas heard,
 For her eye was bright and beaming ;
 You heard no sigh, and you saw no tear,
 But that cold word reached her *heart's own ear* !
Augustus Duganne.

L.—You had not even dreamed that aught
 Could ever come to break the chain
 You thought so firmly linked and wrought,
 So twined around each joy and pain.
 And yet he carelessly hath broke
 The love of years, fond, tried, and true,
 And all that you most highly prized,
 To love, and truth, and friendship due.

9.

G.—Be she either young or old,
 Warped, or formed in beauty's mould,
 'Tis her master passion still
 To ever have her sovereign will.

L.—If glory was a bait that angels swallowed,
 How then shall souls allied to sense resist it ?
Dryden.

10.

G.—Oh, she is guileless as the birds
 That sing beside the summer brooks,
 With music in her gentle words,
 With magic in her winsome looks ;

T.

With kindness like a noiseless spring,
That faileth ne'er in heat or cold ;
With fancy like the wild dove's wing,
As innocent as it is bold ;

With sympathies that have their birth
Where woman's best affections lie ;
With hopes that hover o'er the earth,
But fix their resting place on high.

And if with all that thus exalts,
A soul by sweet thoughts sanctified,
This dear one has her human faults,
They ever " lean to virtue's side."

L—Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious—though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling—zealous, yet untrue ;
Even in repentance planning sins anew.

11.

G.— She thinks there's naught
On earth so beautiful, so heavenly fair
As kindred love, and family repose.

L.—He's been in love some sixty times,
And always thought the newest, fairest ;
He's strung at least a million rhymes,
Though not to forms like that thou wearest.
Some have been short, some have been tall,
Some have been plump, and others slender ;

T.

But slim or dumpy, large or small,
To thine their brightest charms surrender.

To flirt with for a month or year,
One might select a different figure,
Less size, less heart, of course less dear,
With rather less of health and vigor;
But for a friend—ye gods! a wife!
To live for, fight for, love forever!
He never saw in all his life
One near so perfect—never, never!

Park Benjamin.

12.

G.—The spell of a sparkling soul,
The charm of a nameless grace,
She'll breathe them aright for his bitter dole,
Who worships her bright face;
Then smile with a graceful scorn,
And leave him there unblest!
Let him fly afar on the wings of morn,
And vainly seek for rest;
Let him writhe unseen, and rave,
Let him love if he can, again,
So deep a slave, that naught but the grave
Shall wholly burst his chain!
What cares *she* for corroded years?
For a fallen spirit's moan?
For a pallid face in the vale of tears
Which looks on her alone?

T. •

She'll leave him within his hell,
And soar to some heaven apart,
Forget him well as her bridal bell
Tolls o'er his buried heart.

V

L.—They are sincere—those only felt
By sympathizing minds that flow,
As sunbeams into sunbeams melt,
To warm a frozen world below.

13.

G.—Once she loved—her love was slighted,
This she hath in silence borne;
Love is quelled when unrequited,
By the rising pulse of scorn.

L.—No rapture glows in his tranquil gaze
The tremulous thought revealing;
You may look for the hope of your soul in his face,
And find not a ray o'er it stealing.

14.

G.—What do we reck on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips that will chide our stay
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure;
When the words that welcome back betray
We form a heart's chief treasure?

. T.

Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

E. Cook.

L.—Why do you ask? you wished to part,
And bade him, once for all, adieu;
And he will never break his heart,
For such a simpleton as you.

15.

G.—Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

Moore.

L.—His ruling passion is to read the news,
But never deigns his Bible to peruse.

16.

G.— Various, that her desultory mind,
Studious of change, and pleased with novelty,
May be indulged.

L.—He feeds his flocks, and tills his lands,
And makes an honest living;
And has a penny, too, to spare
For spending, or for giving.
An active thriving man is he,
No lordling need deride him,
For he knows how to use his hands,
And wit he has to guide him.
Then hail the farmer! hail!
Let none on earth deride him.

T.

17.

A plenty of Love—'tis a flower
That lucre pollutes by its touch ;
It withers and fades from the bower,
If pampered by fortune too much.

18.

G.—She liveth by the valley brook,
Away from care and wrong,
Her heart a pure and open book,
Her lip a mellow song.
A mother meek and old is all
The kindred that she knows,
And so they are the waterfall,
And every flower that grows.

She smileth when the earth is spread
With green, and spring has come ;
And weepeth when the flowers are dead,
And her sweet brook is dumb.
And thus the gentle maiden's life
Steals quietly away,
Without a shade of pain or strife
To cloud its summer day.

C. G. Eastman.

L.—You've ridiculed, time and again,
The very man you'll marry ;
But if you are a prudent wife,
He'll make you happy—very.

T.

19.

At the still, twilight hour,
 Whose mantle is the drapery of dreams,
 And which has ever been, in poetry,
 Life's holy time ; the hour that's wont to steal
 On us with noiseless sandals made of dew.

Willis.

20.

G.—Ah, never ! you'll wander in sorrow alone,
 Through the wearisome journey of life,
 Ere you find out your folly, too late to atone,
 You'll suffer in silence, unknowing, unknown,
 And all for the want of a wife.

L.—The charms of all you'll fairly scan,
 You'll weigh their merits well ;
 But which shall be the happy man,
 You'll never have to tell.

21.

Spare that you may spend ; fast that you may feast ;

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned,
 Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
 But for one end, one much neglected use,
 Are riches worth your care ; (for nature's wants
 Are few, and without opulence supplied).
 This noble end is, to produce the soul ;

T.

To show the virtues in their fairest light ;
 To make humanity the minister
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
 The generous luxury the gods enjoy.

Armstrong.

22.

G.—Go forth at duty's stern command,
 Earth has enough for thee to do—
 Discharge it with a zealous hand,
 And to thy trust be ever true.
 Burdens well borne will soon be light,
 And ills well met will disappear,
 In sorrow's deepest, darkest night
 Trust still that brighter days are near ;
 Faint not, for Heaven is over all,
 And if thou faint thy strength is small.

L.—Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power ;
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
 Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life ;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
 How vast its power may be ;
 Nor what results enfolded dwell
 Within it silently.

T.

Work and despair not ; give thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be ;
 God is with all that serve the right,
 The holy, true and free.

23.

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,
 Will deign to own a kindred care ?
 Who would debase a noble mind
 For friendship every fool may share ?
Byron.

24.

That you, like others, dream when half asleep
 Of things that never will be realized.

25.

G.—That praise is generally a pension paid by the world,
 but you, finding the trouble and charge too much in col-
 lecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple ; since
 which time the right of presentation is wholly in yourself.
Swift.

L.—That you've a fine foot, and can dance like a fairy,
 But your face's expression is ne'er known to vary,
 So their judgment about you, I fear, will be led
 By whether they look at your foot or your head.

T.

26.

G.—There is a kind of conscience some men keep
Is like a member that's benumbed with sleep,
Which, as it gathers blood, and wakes again,
It shoots and pricks, and feels as big as ten.

Quarles.

L.—The bosom to disclose its woe
Is oftentimes too proud,
And noble minds disdain to show
Their feelings to the crowd :
And many a heart that seems to beat
All happily and gay,
If opened, would be found the seat
Of anguish and decay.

U.

1.

Many weep for the charms which they cannot restore,
And for love which hath perished, returning no more ;
But you, whom the voice of Experience now rules,
You weep for the time you have lavished on fools.

G.—If every one's internal care,
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now ?
The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove, that only while concealed
Their lot appears the best.

Metastasio.

L.—As the earth with sea is bounded,
As the winter world with spring,
So a maiden's life is rounded,
With a golden wedding-ring.

This old world is scarce worth seeing,
Till Love waves his purple wing,
And we gauge the bliss of being
Through a golden wedding-ring.

Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,
Sighing hearts will soar and sing,
Tearful eyes will laugh out, tearless,
Through a golden wedding-ring.

U.

There's no jewel so worth wearing
That a lover's hands may bring,
There's no pleasure worth comparing
With a golden wedding-ring.

Gerald Massey.

2.

G.—The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate the manners of the morn ;
Something we thought, is blotted ; we resolved,
Is shaken ; we renounced, returns again.

Young.

L.—There is no spot, or high or low,
Which darkness visits not at times,
No shelter from the reach of woe,
In farthest lands, or fairest climes.

No home so happy but that pain,
And grief, and care the doors will press,
When love's most anxious thoughts are vain,
More anxious from their helplessness.

Bowring.

3.

Temptations and trials, without and within,
From the pathway of virtue your spirit will lure,
And your soul may grow weak in its triumph o'er sin,
And your heart not preserve its integrity pure.

U.

4.

Bright as the dew on early buds that glistens,
Shall gleam each hope upon thy flower-strewn path,
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
Shall to thy soul be each winged joy it hath ;
Thy lot shall lead through ever blooming bowers,
And Time forever talk to thee in flowers.

5.

A shadow moving by your side,
That would a substance seem,
That is, yet is not, though descried,
Like skies beneath the stream ;
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never rife,
A wish for joys that never come—
Thus you'll succeed in life.

6.

If you will keep your mind and heart
From every selfish motive free,
And walk by truth's unerring chart,
Your wish shall surely granted be.

7.

By visiting the city—where your friends
Will shortly find the means to gain your ends.

U.

8.

G.—Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind. *Prior.*

L.—By going to Church—when he will think or find,
At all events, you're morally inclined.

9.

G.—Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway.

L.—He may be changed—and he may learn
To slander friends, as others do ;
But if you blame him, you in turn
Have learned that hateful lesson too.

10.

Of music,
The silver key of the fountain of tears,
When the spirit drinks till the brain is wild ;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers. *Shelley.*

11.

G.—If, but by chance, an ill adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,

U

Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Young.

L.—Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others,
They may do to him again ;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed,
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus he lives—and this his creed.

He has felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Every bosom round him frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearled ;
Still his heart with kindness teeming,
Joys when other hearts are glad
And his eye a tear-drop findeth,
At the sight of others sad.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Deems he but of little use,
And one word of kindly meaning,
Worth a torrent of abuse ;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night,
He, when he would save a brother,
Lets his goodness be his light.

U.

12.

G.—Moore tells us, in his dulcet lays,
A damsel, in the good old days,
Fell most imprudently in love
With some stray seraph from above;
And once—so runs the tragic story—
This youth revealed his perfect glory,
Which, bursting forth in lurid flashes,
Consumed that beauteous maid to ashes.

Your maiden is of modern times,
Who warning takes from these sad rhymes,
And dreaming not an angel may
With amorous sighs about her hover,
And asking not, and caring not,
For so combustible a lover,
In life's strange drama she doth choose,
A safe, and less ambitious part,
In man alone sufficient finds
For fancy, intellect, and heart.

Grace Greenwood,

L.—The world hath its delights,
And its delusions too,
But home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil, and more true.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;

U.

But stars, approached, become more bright,
And home is life's own star. *Bowring*

13.

G.—She'll tell the simple truth to you,
In saying she will be as true
As needle to the pole is found,
Which, though Love's emblems so abound,
His votaries do all agree
Is the best proof of constancy.

But should the maiden faithless prove,
And leave you for a newer love,
Bethink you of the well-known fact,
That slightest magnets will attract
The needle from its proper course ;
And lo ! the text has double force !

C. M. M.

L.—Oh, lady dear ! fair is thy noon,
But man is like the inconstant moon ;
Last night she smiled o'er lawn and lea—
That moon will change, and so will he.

Hogg.

14.

G.—Enough, you've seen a sad, wild heart
Grow wilder for your sake,
And smiled to watch in agony
The fretted harp-strings break !

U.

'Tis past—the earnest trusting love
That seemed of life a part;
Past with the chilling breath of woe,
And left a frozen heart!
Brief was the dream, and deep the pain—
It did not linger long;
For she has learned that bitter task,
“To suffer, and be strong.”

Mrs. H. M. Stephens.

L.—Thou knowest well how easily
The lips can play a part;
What specious echoes may exist
About a hollow heart;
But not to thee one false fond word
He ever means to give,
If fullest love plain speech tells not,
'Tis told by how we live.
No selfish change shall ever come,
His love shall ne'er grow cold—
Think not he'll worship thee when young,
And slight thee when thou'rt old;
Oh, no! thou wilt and must believe,
That with him love is life,
If he so prize the maiden now,
How will he guard the wife!

15.

The soul-lit smile shall beam to smile,
And answering heart to heart,

U.

You'll meet in gladness, who so oft
 Have only met to part. *Anna M. Wells.*

16.

G.—Her ruling passion is for rural scenes,
 Green fields, sweet flowers, and silver streams.

L.—To succor those who stand in need,
 To help the weary on their way,
 To minister to hearts that bleed,
 And keep them from the evil day;
 To pity oftener than reprove,
 Help every noble work and plan,
 And do all offices of love,
 That bless and dignify the man—
 This makes his pillow soft at night,
 When toil and thought give way to rest,
 And sheds a Heaven-created light
 Around his path and in his breast.
G. L. Banks.

17.

G.—Oh, she is one on whom to fix your heart,
 To sit beside you when your thoughts are sad,
 And by her tender playfulness impart
 Some of her own pure joy. *Percival.*

L.—A man of Law, a man of peace,
 To frame a contract or a lease. *Crabbe.*

U.

18.

A sweet little home, surrounded with trees,
Friends, books, and kind neighbors, contentment and ease.

19.

G.—Your wife will be a sweet brunette,
With a witching keen black eye ;
But when she gets into a pet,
She'll make the dishes fly.

*L.—An easy mien, engaging in address,
Looks which at once each winning grace express,
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere ;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane,
Fond of improving, but yet never vain ;
And heart where generous pity stands confest,
Ready to ease and succor the distressed.

20.

G.—Ah ! never I fear—for your heart it will burst,
And you'll certainly die—but you'll not be the first, -
For she has already sent to the cold grave
Seven lovers ! o'er whom seven buttercups wave !
And you'll be the eighth—soon beneath the green
grove ;
You will moulder (excuse the expression), by Jove !

L.—The time you most wish for, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top-sparkle each heart and each cup,

U.

It soon will arrive with its sports and its wiles,
 When beaming all over with blushes and smiles,
 Too blest to be certain amid the gay cheer
 That it be not a dream that will soon disappear.

Moore.

21.

G.—Ah ! who can restore you
 The depth and the truth
 Of the love that came o'er you
 In earliest youth ?
 Their strength is departed,
 Their magic is flown,
 And sad and faint-hearted
 You'll wander alone !

L.—In every matrimonial joy
 Thou'lt pass away thy life,
 A most indulgent mother,
 And a cozy little wife.

22.

Be all things to all men for objects false and selfish.

23.

Early cultivate virtue's rich seeds,
 They will fruits in life's autumn display ;
 Nor defer till to-morrow good deeds,
 That as well might be finished to-day.

The realm of the Past belongs wholly to God,
 And vain is the call for its long-vanished hours,

U.

The land of the Future no footstep hath trod,
And Fancy alone may go thither for flowers.
The present is all that we rightfully own,
The only bright tangible portion of Time,
Wherein we may tarry and build us a home,
And bend to our purpose its pleasures sublime.

Then let us be doing while yet it is noon,
For the sun loiters not in his mid-day career,
Let us prove that we know how to value the boon,
By using it well the brief time it is here.
No matter how humble its station may be,
There is labor enough for each one to perform,
With Truth, Hope, and Love, the invincible Three,
He can work out his mission in sunshine and storm.

Not a breeze wanders by but is freighted with sighs
Wrung out from the banned and the barred of the race,
Shall we listen with cold unconcern to their cries,
And say there are wrongs that we cannot efface?
No, let us be out in Humanity's field,
Uprooting the wrongs that are going to seed,
While yet we have hands, hearts, and voices to wield,
Giving home to no thought but that we shall succeed.

To-day set about the great work to be done,
To linger or doubt is no trivial sin,
The harvest is plenteous, and ripe in the sun,
Awaiting the reapers to gather it in.
And he who returns when his labor is done,
Bearing sheaves for the garner of virtue and peace,

U.

Shall receive the glad palm all the valiant have won,
Whose brilliance the future shall ever increase !

James Lumbar.

24.

Would'st have a friend, would'st know what friend is best !
Have God thy friend, who passeth all the rest.

Tusser.

The power to give creates us all our foes ;
Where many seek for favor, few can find it ;
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask ;
And disappointed, wonders at repulse—
Wonders awhile, and then sits down in hate.

Froude

25.

That youth's bright sun with rainbow light
Doth arch thy distant future o'er,
In tints more golden-hued and bright,
Than truth has ever seen before

26.

G.—They've scanned the actions of your daily life
With all the industrious malice of a foe,
And nothing meets their eyes but deeds of honor.

H. More.

L.—That you are possessed of good qualities, which are
very serviceable to others, but useless to yourself ; like a
sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors
and passengers, but not the owner within.

Swift.

V.

1.

G.—He that is the most assured of success will make the fewest appeals to favor, and where nothing is claimed that is undue, nothing that is due will be withheld.

H. Smith.

L.—That you should take the broom, the pail,
The distaff, wash-tub, and the churn,
That pride you'll find at last will fail,
Unless to live on air you learn.

2.

G.—The wing of your spirit is broken,
Your day-star of hope has declined,
For a week not a word have you spoken,
That's either polite or refined;
Your mind's like the sky in bad weather,
When mist-clouds around you are curled,
And viewing yourself altogether,
You're the veriest wretch in the world.
But one way remains—to the river,
Then fly from the goadings of care,
And drown! oh, the thought makes me shiver,
A terrible death, I declare!
Then better once more see your deary,
And parry her cruel disdain,
Beseech her to take you in pity
And never forsake you again.

V.

L.—Not hard to tell—thy varying cheek
 The tale doth well impart,
 The thoughts of thy young spirit meek,
 Are on a kindred heart.

3.

G.—As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him of himself t' apply,
 So men are by themselves employed,
 To quit the freedom they enjoyed,
 And run their necks into a noose,
 They'd break them after to get loose.

Butler.

L.—Irratibility urges you to take a step as much too
 soon as sloth does too late.

Cec.

4.

You will get yourself into more harm than you guess,
 By answering "No," when you should have said "Yes."

5.

G.—Ah ! every wish your soul can know,
 Affection's brightest ray,
 Shall aid love's sweetest charm to throw
 Around life's checkered way ;
 And cheering hopes, with angel smile,
 Throw sunbeams o'er your tears,
 And pleasure gild the path of toil,
 Along the vale of years.

V.

L.—There still are many rainbows in your sky. *Byron.*

6.

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness. *Shakspeare.*

7.

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through
dark fortune, and through bright. The cause thou fight-
est for, so far as it is true—no farther, yet precisely so far
—is very sure of victory; the falsehood of it alone will be
abolished, as it ought to be.

8.

And would your vain presumption soar so high?
Birds should have wings before they hope to fly!

9.

G.—Only tell her that you love,
Leave the rest to her and fate,
Some kind planet from above
May perhaps her pity move;
Lovers on their stars must wait;
Only tell her that you love.

Why, oh! why should you despair?
Mercy's pictured in her eye;
If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome hope, and welcome fear;

V. .

She's too good to let you die,
 Why, oh ! why should you despair !
Lord Oxford's Works.

L.—Be purity of life the test—
 Leave to the heart, to Heaven the rest.
Sprague.

10.

G.— Her love is like the snow-flakes
 That melt before you pass,
 Or the bubble on the wine that breaks
 Before you lift the glass. *Praed*

L.—If Love can be for one alone,
 Well pleased is he to be that one,
 But when he sees Love given to rove
 To two or three, then—good-bye Love !

Love, must in short, keep fond and true,
 Through good report and evil too,
 Else he will swear young Love may go
 For aught he'll care—to Jericho ! *Moore*

11.

G.—Most fond of doing always what is right,
 In this, and this alone she takes delight.

L.—Oh ! he is wild and gay,
 He squanders the old man's store,

V.

But soon the rage of play
Will land him on ruin's shore.

12.

G.—Though not called beautiful, her features bear
A loveliness by angel hands impressed,
Such as the pure in heart alone may wear,
The outward symbol of a soul at rest;
And this beseems her well, for love and truth
Companion ever with her guileless youth.

Mrs. Embury.

L.—He would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore,
Nor would he from the rich desire
A single counter of their store;
For he has ease, and he has health,
And he has spirits—light as air,
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of his kind
He's struggled for Dame Fortune's favor,
And sometimes has been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behavior;
But life was short—he thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipped aside from melancholy,
With merry heart that laughed at care.

Milnes

V.

13.

G.— She would be thine,
 To lose all selfish feeling,
 In the sole thought of thee, far dearer one!
 To study every look thy will revealing,
 To make thy voice's ever-varying tone
 The music of her own.

She would be thine,
 When sickness doth oppress thee,
 With love's unwearied vigilance to watch,
 Waking—to soothe, to comfort, to caress thee,
 Sleeping—to list in dread each sound to catch,
 And praying Heaven to bless thee!

She would be thine,
 Gently and unreplying
 To bear with thee when chafed and spirit-worn,
 The hasty word, the quick reproach denying,
 To win by soft submission, which is born
 Of trust, on love relying.

She would be thine,
 Not passion's wild emotion
 To show thee, fitful as the changing wind,
 But with a still, deep, fervent, life-devotion,
 To be to thee the help-mate God designed,
 For *this* would she be thine!

L.—In the "Loves of the Angels" 'tis sung that they fled
 From the skies, happy mortals to love and to wed;

V.

If angels wooed mortals, and thought it no sin,
A mortal forgive, who an angel would win.

Flaccus.

14.

G.—Ah! many drink the waters cool,
Who drown not in the well,
And many a gem may dazzle thee,
That's not a gem to sell;
And many wear a leash of silk,
Who would not wear a chain;
And many follow for the heart,
They care not to retain.

L.— His deeds and speeches
Are lines drawn from one centre; what he promises
To do he'll do. *Daniel.*

15.

G.— She loves thee yet,
I know by the blush that rises
Beneath the curls
That shadow her soul-lit cheek,
She loves thee yet!
Through all Love's sweet disguises
In timid girls,
A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
Than the radiant blush of beauty

V.

The maiden finds,
 Whenever thy name is heard—
 Her young heart thrills;
 Forgetting herself—her duty—
 Her dark eye fills,
 And her pulse with hope is stirred.

Thy favorite songs
 She will sing—she heeds no other;
 With all her wrongs,
 Her life on thy love is set,
 Oh, doubt no more!
 She never can wed another;
 Till life be o'er,
 She loves—she will love thee yet!

Mrs. Osgood.

L.—Thou hast his heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
 While he goes wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
 What need he care, so his heart is with thee?

It matters not where he may now be a rover,
 Oh, care not how many bright eyes he may see;
 Should Venus herself come and ask him to love her,
 He'd tell her he couldn't—his heart was with thee.

Moore.

16.

G—At the old place of meeting
 She'll meet thee again;

V.

Each fond vow repeating,
With thee she'll remain
Till stars without number
Are shining above,
And all are in slumber,
Save those who're in love.

L.—When the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then like that gay rover,
He'll come to thee.

Bee to flowers, he to lips full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting, for bee, and for him!

Moore.

17.

In fashion's throng each phantom to pursue,
Repeat *old* pleasures, and solicit *new*.

18.

G.—Close by thy side will move a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along thy path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty,
I call her angel, but *thou'll* call her—*wife*!

W. G. Clark.

L.—He is a faithful pastor of the poor,
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
“Feed, feed my sheep,” are ever at his heart.

James Grahame.

V.

19.

G.—Enough—only what thou may'st use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly. *Bacon.*

L.—A happy home there is for thee,
But far toward the western sea,
With one endowed with wit and sense,
And every mental excellence.

20.

Oh, where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
When all, though trembling with ten thousand rays
Effuse no dazzling, undivided light. *Thomson.*

21.

G.—At the next party she'll be by your side,
And ere a year passes she'll be your bride.

L.—When next the rose on its bough shall bloom,
And the lily burst from its silken tomb.

22.

G.—Riches, and honor, and health,
Shall pour on thy home like a tide,
Beauty, and splendor, and wealth,
Shall come as a dower with thy bride;
And the song of the mourner no more
Be heard at thy dear household hearth,

V.

And sorrow shall pass from thy door,
When thy first-born through sorrow hath birth.

L.—Maiden, a lover shall be thine ere long,
Gifted with beauty, eloquence, and song,
And if to goodness happiness be given,
Thy union here will be a taste of Heaven.

23.

If the straight road to virtue can charm,
If you feel emulation arise,
If your juvenile bosom is warm
With the hope to be wealthy and wise;
To accomplish the noble design,
The maxims of prudence pursue,
Application and industry join,
'Tis the way fickle fortune to woo.

24.

Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in thy
charge. *Tupper.*

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet, there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow cloud stay.
And note all the *shades* of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,
Are basked in—enjoyed—and forgot.

V.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As well as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he who remembers alone,
All the bitter, the drear, and the dark !
Though the raven may scare, with its woe-boding tone,
Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark ?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
That the soul, in its fullness of love,
Would waver if bidden to choose between this
And the Paradise promised above ?

Though the eye may be dimmed with its grief-drop awhile,
And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear,

Oh, haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife
The soul's harmony often may mar ;
But I think we must own in the discords of life,
'Tis *ourselves* that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom,
And the voice of the grateful will tell

V.

That He who allotted pain, death, and the tomb,
Gave hope, health, and the bridal as well.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste,
Though the chalice of life hath its acids and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

Eliza Cook.

25.

Kind friends shall attend you,
And fortune befriend you,
Till Heaven shall send you
A message of love,
When angels will meet you,
And cordially greet you,
While Mercy shall seat you
In mansions above.

26.

That one has stirred within your breast,
That quick and sudden interest,
Which is not easily suppressed. *Eliza Cook.*

It is Thought at work amidst buried hours,
It is Love keeping vigil o'er perished flowers—
Oh ! we bear within us mysterious things ;
Of Memory and Anguish unfathomed springs ;
And Passion—those gulfs of the heart to fill
With bitter waves which it ne'er may still.

V.

Well might we pause ere we gave them away,
Flinging the peace of our couch away !
Well might we look on our souls in fear,
They find no fount of oblivion here !
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—
How know we, if under the wings of death ?
Mrs. Hemans.

W.

1.

That you are more disposed to sleep than work,
And that your fancy runs away with sense.

2.

G.—That you belong to one of the two classes of people
who can afford to be modest, those who have a great deal
of knowledge, and those who have very little.

L.—That you want nothing but the will
To make you meek and civil,
That you lack nothing but the power
To be the very devil.

3.

G.—Wasted—youth's rich golden hours !
Wasted—loftiest, mightiest powers !
Wasted—manhood's glorious prime !
Hopes, and aims, and thoughts sublime !

Rouse thee from ignoble rest,
Toil to win the land more blest,
Swiftly are thy moments flying,
Up! ere hope be drooping, dying !
Ere high purposes all blasted,
Speak thy life forever wasted.

L.—False look, false hope, and falsest love,
All meteors sent to thee,

W.

To show how they the heart could move,
And how deceiving be !
They left thee darkened, crushed, alone,
Thy spirit's household gods o'erthrown.

The world itself is changed, and all
That was beloved before
Is vanished, and beyond recall ;
For thou canst hope no more ;
The sear of fire, the dint of steel
Are easier than such wounds to heal
Miss Landon.

4.

G.—Lower the sail of pride, rash youth—
Stand to the lowly tiller of truth ;
Quick ! or your limber bark shall be
The sport of the winds on a stormy sea.
Tupper.

L.—Of many things—but thou must learn
The firmness that will bear thee on,
Nor shrink from fortune's wayward strife,
If such must be thy lot in life ;
Then do not droop, or think the sky
Of fate lowers o'er thy destiny ;
A smiling day may oft be thine,
A cloudless sun may often shine ;
Thy path shall not be always found,
Covered with thorns that spring to wound.

W.

5.

Grief shall retire, and Hope return,
Her lamp with brighter splendor burn;
Gay love with all his smiling train,
And peace and joy be thine again.

Langhorne.

L —You'll receive through the post
A sheet full of woe
You can cure by a "Yes,"
Or make fatal by "No."

C. M. M.

6.

In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic love,
You will be known and loved; the world beyond
Is not for you.

Southey.

G.—The eager hearts—the souls of fire—
That pant to toil for God and man,
And mark, with eyes of keen desire,
The upland way of care and pain;
Almost with scorn they think of rest—
Of holy calm and tranquil breast;
But God, through ways they have not known
Will lead His own.

A lowlier task on them is laid,
With love to make the labor light,
And there their glory they must shed
On quiet home, and lost to sight;

W.

Changed are their visions, high and fair,
 But calm and still they labor there ;
 For God, in ways they have not known,
 Will lead His own.

L.—The gentle heart that thinks with pain
 It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfill,
 And if it dared its life to scan,
 Would ask but pathway low and still ;
 Often such lowly heart is brought,
 To act with power beyond its thought ;
 For God, in ways they have not known,
 Will lead His own.

7.

Walk

Boldly and wisely in the light thou hast—
 There is a hand above will help thee on.
Bailey.

8.

Fix not thy hopes beyond the boundarie of probability,
 so shall success attend thy undertakings, and thy heart
 shall not be vexed with disappointments.

Against your peace you arm your will,
 Amidst your plenty something still.
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting
 Imagination says is wanting,
 That cruel something unpossess
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest ;

W.

That something if you could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

Prior.

9.

Though many things may now prevent,
Next leap-year will the way present.

10.

G.—You love your glass, but still your lass
You love a great deal better,
And I'll allege to sign the pledge
Is all the way to get her.

L.—The things that make a virgin please
She that seeks will find them these :
A beauty not to art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great ;
An eye wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindness and of wit ;
An undissembled innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take offence ;
A conversation at once free
From passion and from subtlety ;
That prudent negligence enrich,
And time her silence and her speech ;
The virtue which doth her adorn
By honor guarded, not by scorn ;
Whose equal mind doth always move,
Neither a foe, or slave to love ;

W.

And whose religion, strong and plain,
Not superstitious nor profane.

Catharine Philips.

11.

G.—She is not cold, she'll ne'er forget
The friend she found so cordial-hearted ;
Dear to her soul's the day you met,
And dearer still the day you parted.

L.—You thought him poor, and looked enough to freeze,
You find him rich, and try your best to please ;
Such heartless summer friends we ever hate,
Madam, your kindness comes, alas ! too late !

12.

G.—With courtship pleased, of silly trifles proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd.

Lady Montagu

L.—Of pleasing—'tis the study of his life.

13.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife—
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles ;
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles.

The happy, grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by fortune given ;

W.

That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.
Moore.

14.

G.—She thinks that sweet affection's power,
Is nature's fairest, richest flower ;
When blest by it two souls unite,
Spite of the world, in fortune's spite,
Light down life's path they joyous stray,
And bliss with roses decks their way.

• *L.*— For several virtues
He has liked several women ; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
And put it to the foil. But you, oh, you !
So perfect and so peerless, seem created
Of every creature's best. *Shakspeare.*

15.

G.—Ah, if she with sly bright glances,
And with blushes red,
Kindly meet your fond advances,
Little need you dread ;
For each one has ways of showing
How the heart inclines ;
And the lover, with joy glowing,
Soon translates the signs.

W.

L.—He'll straightway up this very day,
And ask thee of thy father ;
And all the blessings life can give,
In wedded life you'll gather !

Mary Howitt.

16.

Let fortune assail thee, her threat'nings are vain,
Those still-breathing words shall thy talisman be,
"Remember in absence, in sorrow, in pain,
There's one heart unchanging that beats but for
thee."

Moore.

17.

G.—Oh, trust them not,
Who say that she has long forgotten thee,
Though far her lot,
Time's onward tide will bring thy dearest to thy
side.

L.—By the moonlight's smiles on the bright river's foam,
By the star that guides the wanderer home,
By the wild flower that blushes so like thy cheek,
By the language thy dark eyes alone can speak,
By all the hours that together you've blessed,
By the kindness that lives in thy peaceful breast,
By the vows so declaring constancy,
His sweetest, his dearest, he'll come to thee.

Mrs. C. Greville.

18.

A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,

W.

For poetry, the language of the gods,
For all things here or grand or beautiful,
A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
The light of an ingenuous countenance,
And what transcends them all, a noble action.

Rogers.

19.

G.—She hates that low vice, Curiosity;
But if there's anything in which she shines,
'Tis in correcting all her friends' affairs.

Byron.

L.—He occupies his useless time
In the vain, idle, foolish thing,
Of "stringing trifles" up in rhyme,
For fools and idiots to sing.

Burns.

And when you're once his lawful wife,
Your earthly bliss shall know no measure,
Your days will be a whirl of joy,
In a circle of endless pleasure;
And if you scold and turn a shrew,
He'll bear it with resignation;
But if you will not praise his songs,
He'll sue for a separation.

Heine.

20.

G.—Was there e'er a grave objection
To a corner in a will?
Faintest hearts at such election,
With new hope and courage thrill!

W.

And a snug, sequestered corner
In a true and loving heart—
Where is he, the arrant scorner,
Who refuses such a part?

James Lumbar.

L.—If toils, and cares, and anxious fears—
If these could all be changed to gold,—
Were diamonds crystallized from tears,
Then wealth were thine a thousand fold.

D. M. A.

21.

Ah, you might moralize awhile,
Upon that eye, that lip, that smile,
And wonder how surpassing fair
The face which deep deceit may wear!
How folly, vanity, and pride,
And selfishness and art may hide,
In forms which seem by Heaven designed
But to enshrine a noble mind.
Genius is there—but warped and wrung—
That brow belies the treacherous tongue,
Whose vaunting words and promise frail
Are like the sibyl's mystic tale,
Whose dubious import suits as well,
A coming woe or joy to tell;
Art, like the Upas tree, is there,
To wither all that might be fair,

W.

And boastful folly seeks to claim,
That wretched boon, a hackneyed name.

22.

Ah, soon! but you will find that like a light
Placed in a window on a summer's night,
Attracting all the insects of the air,
To come and singe their pretty winglets there,
Those that are *out* beat heads against the pane,
And those *within* beat to get out again. *Byron.*

23.

G.—You are a merry bachelor,
And such you will remain,
For still your freedom you'll prefer
To Hymen's galling chain.

L.—So it will be, but why it is,
I cannot see the reason,
You will live on in single bliss
Through your appointed season;
And when you die, you will be laid
Alone, beneath the yew-tree shade.

24.

G.—Say thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Should Dives' wealth with Dives' end be thine?
Or wouldst thou live to virtuous worth allied,
By honest industry thy wants supplied?

L.—By industry and gentleness combined,
You'll fortune gain, and favor from mankind.

W.

25.

G.—For man immortal 'tis the wiser way
 To make this life the pathway to a better;
 To do to all as kindly as he may,
 And love as well in spirit as in letter.
 Let man achieve a victory o'er himself;
 Let him observe the blessed Teacher's preaching,
 And turn aside from trick'ry and o'erreaching,
 Nor grind his fellows for the sake of pelf.
 Oh! let us take each other by the hand,
 And help the weaker o'er the rougher places;
 Sure God will bless so brotherly a band,
 And gift our souls with all the holy graces.
 Is there a thing worth living for if it
 Be not to love, and grow for heavenly glory fit?

Neal's Gazette.

L.—They say that virtue's path is steep,
 And all who enter there must weep,
 But virtue's children only know,
 The joys that from affliction flow;
 To them alone the boon is given,
 To taste on earth the hopes of Heaven;
 And feel there is an arm to save
 Beyond the confines of the grave.

26.

You will be blest as now you are
 With friends, and home, and all,
 That in the exulting joy of love
 Your own you fondly call.

Mrs. Osgood.

X

1.

G.—Let others boast them as they may
 Of spirits kind and true,
 Whose gentle words and loving smiles,
 Have cheered them on, life through;
 And though they count of friends a host,
 To bless the paths they've trod,
 These are the ones who'll love *you* most,
 Your mother, wife, and God.

Richard Cos, Jr.

L.—Friendship is thine—then closely
 Hold the rich treasure fast,
 And suffer not a breath of doubt
 Its venom'd shade to cast,
 Upon that precious gem whose light
 Can make life's darkest hours seem bright.

Pour forth thine every feeling
 Yet guard each careless word;
 Oft are the deepest fountains
 By lightest breezes stirred
 And idle jests untimely spoken,
 The tenderest ties have often broken.

2.

G.—The ghost of many a veteran bill
 Still hovers round your slumbers.

Holmes.

I.

L.—It signifies thy heart is free,
And visions to thy soul are given,
Rich with the song and melody,
Which pictures earth with hues of heaven.

3.

G.— That those
Who court applause oblige the world in this—
They gratify man's passion to refuse.

Young.

L.—That a gossip speaks ill of all, and all speak ill of her.

4

G.—You have been hit by Cupid's arrow.

Like a tree beside the river
Of her life that runs from thee,
So thou leanest, murmuring ever
All thy love's idolatry ;
And thou'lt reach out hands of blessing,
And thou'lt stretch out hands of prayer,
And with passionate caressing,
Waste thy life upon the air !
In thy ear the syren river
Sings, and smiles up in thy face,
But forever, and forever,
'Runs from thy embrace.

Thou'lt stand mazed in the moonlight,
O'er its happy face to dream !
Thou art parched in the noonlight,
By the cool and brimming stream !

I.

Thou art dying by the river
 Of her life that runs from thee,
 While it sparkles by thee ever
 With its cool felicity;
 In thy ears the syren river
 Sings and smiles up in thy face;
 But forever and forever,
 Runs from thy embrace. *Gerald Massey.*

L.—Love's of a strangely open simple kind,
 Who thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.
Cowley.

5.

G.— See the issue of your sloth—
 Of sloth comes pleasure; of pleasure comes riot;
 Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending;
 Of spending comes want; of want comes theft;
 And of theft comes hanging. *Marston.*

L.—Of nursing many a vain desire,
 Of wandering after love too far,
 And taking every meteor fire
 That lights your pathway for his star.

6.

G.—Creditors have better memories than debtors, and
 creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set
 days and times. *Franklin.*

I

L.—Beware! beware! of a tempting snare,
So dazzling for ladies to view,
A suitor with gold, but crabbed and old,
Old Mammon will offer to you.

7.

G.—The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again,
Yet hope and Heaven forever true,
Within your heart shall reign;
Nor loss, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
The promise shall gainsay,
The voice divine hath spoke within,
And this did ne'er betray.

L.—Thou must endure, yet loving all the while,
Above, yet never separate from thy kind,
Meet every frailty with the gentlest smile,
Though to no possible depth of evil blind;
This is the riddle thou hast life to solve,
But in the task thou shalt not work alone,
For while the worlds about the sun revolve,
God's hand and help are ever with His own.

Milnes

8.

G.—In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?

Young

I

L.—The surest way not to fail, is to determine to succeed.
Sheridan.

9.

G.—And if this wish were granted, you would find
A thousand more would follow close behind.
Oh, then, enjoy what Fate has sent you here,
Nor wish, nor hope for things beyond your sphere.

L.—It shall be—for your wishes are
At Hymen's shrine to bend;
When you can find, as soon you shall,
A wise and worthy friend.

10.

There are a thousand ways, and one you'll find,
If for the search you're honestly inclined.

11.

G.—Deference is the most delicate, the most indirect, and
the most elegant of all compliments.

L.—Be quiet, be patient, be hopeful;
Be gracious, be harmless, be gentle;
Be humble, be loving, be just;
Be active, be prudent, be merciful;
Be wise, be industrious, be loved. *A. B.*

12.

G.—She is not cold, no thoughts destroy
Her holy calm of sacred love;

I

For all the hours are winged with joy
That hover faithful hearts above.

Byron.

L.—Not that he loves the ladies less,
But single freedom more,
Is all the reason he'll express
For not wedding long before.

To wed, or not to wed, that is his question ;
Whether 'tis better for a man to suffer
The desperate loneliness of single life,
Or dance around some rich and pretty woman,
And, by attentions win her!—to wed—to change—
No more ; and by that change to say we end
The thousand sneers and taunts which shock the nerves
Of unoffending bachelors—'tis a consummation
Worth struggling for.—To wed ; to change ;
To change ! It may be for the worse ;—ay, there's the rub
For in that change of state what scenes may come,
When he has linked his destinies with woman's,
Should well be pondered ! This is the thought
That makes him hesitate so long to marry ;
For who would e'er endure the whips and scorns,
The unfeeling jests, the rude comparisons,
The cold and marked neglects, the keen retorts,
The slights and spurns enough to drive him mad,
To which the bachelor is so exposed,
When he himself might all these ills escape,
By taking a sweet wife ? Oh, who would care
To breathe through such a hang-dog life as this ;

I.

But that the dread of something after marriage—
That boasted union, from whose rig'rous ties
The grave alone releases—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than hazard others which may be far worse;
This caution keeps him daily as he is;
And thus his matrimonial inclinations
Are counteracted by a thousand fears;
And resolutions which might make him "husband"
Are by these fears deprived of all their strength,
And lose the power of action. *Not Shakspeare.*

13.

G.—She speaks an infinite deal of nothing. Her reasons
are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you
shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have
them they are not worth the search. *Shakspeare.*

L.—The only love he ever knew
The love to reprimand. *Leland.*

14.

G.—Censorious, and every word a wasp.
Cowper.

L.—A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That cannot fear, and will not bow,
Are written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow. *Hullock.*

I

15.

G.— Love is not in our power,
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice;
We only love where fate ordains we should,
And blindly fond, oft slight superior merit.

Frowde.

L.—He thinks that the joys and enjoyments of life
Are doubled by Hymen and Co.
That when single, his pleasures are mingled with strife,
And life but a budget of woe.

16.

G.—By every subtle art,
By every winning way,
She'll strive to gain thy heart,
And gain it to betray.
Then bid her go, the world is wide,
Your paths diverging far;
And only turn to gaze on her,
As on a setting star,
That coolly, calmly, silently,
In radiance lone will shine
On other lands, to other eyes,
But never more on thine.

L.—If he were only free as they
Who wander ever as they list,
He would not from thy presence stay,
Nor leave thy blooming lips unvisited

X.

17.

G.—Although her love at seasons may
 Seem cold, or clouded, yet it burns
 With true, undeviating ray,
 And never from its idol turns;
 Its sunshine is your smile, your frown,
 The heavy cloud that weighs it down. *Croly.*

L.—Time shall not cut one tender tie
 Affection's fingers wove,
 Nor make less deep the daily sigh
 Which absence owes to love.

18.

G.—Here if thou stay thou canst not see thy love ;
 Hope is the lover's staff, walk hence with that,
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.

L.—Be patient in thy wishes,
 He will not come to-night,
 Smooth not thy glossy tresses,
 Glance not thine eyes so bright,
 But doubt not that he loves thee
 With true devotion still,
 Though man hath sterner duties,
 Than wait on woman's will.

19.

G.—To be the most admired at every ball ;
 To keep her heart, yet seem to favor all.

X

L.—His ruling passion is to change
 As doth the empty air,
 Or summer cloud, one moment dark,
 The next all bright and fair.

20.

G.—Ever ranging, constant changing,
 Sometimes pleasing, sometimes teasing
 Sometimes coaxing, sometimes hoaxing
 No expressing how much dressing,
 Little knowing, little sewing,
 Mischief making, promise breaking,
 Duty shirking, hating working,
 Novel reading, dainty feeding,
 Idle dreaming, sudden screaming,
 Lap-dog doting, Byron quoting,
 Over sleeping, often weeping,
 Thin shoes wearing, health despairing,
 Daily fretting, sickness getting,
 Ever sighing, almost dying—
 A blessed wife to cheer your life !

L.— He'll stand
 With auctioneering hammer in his hand,
 Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice,
 For the old household stuff, or picture's price.

Dryden

21.

G.—You won't object to wealth in land,
 And she will have the giving

X

Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands and a living. *Præd.*

L.—He is rich in wit, he is rich in worth,
He is rich in his pride of honest birth,
He is rich in his country's heart and fame,
And rich in the thoughts that high souls claim.
He is rich in the books of the olden time,
And rich in the air of a freeman's clime ;
He needs no stars to shine on his breast,
For the crimson drops of his father's crest
Fell, nobler gems, on the battle-field,
Where the haughty foeman was taught to yield ;
Then ask me no more, " Is he rich in gold ?"
His riches were bought, but can ne'er be sold.

22.

G.—A matchless grace is round her,
A something too refined
To be described, yet will be felt
By all who know her mind.
Hers are the graces of the heart
That cannot be defined.

L.—What's not his own, he will not take it,
What once he says, he will not break it,
Aught he can lend, he'll not refuse it
Till oft his goodness is abused ;
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He will not fail his part in either. *Burns.*

I

23.

When May is here, the delicate footed May,
With her slight young fingers full of flowers.

Willis.

24.

G.—You never will wed, and the reason I guess
Is you have not the courage the sex to address.
To win a fair maid is not in your power,
So you say, like the fox, “the grapes are all sour.”

L.—Thou dost deserve a happy fate,
Because thy heart is kind ;
And shouldst thou live a single life,
Both men and fate are blind.

25.

G.—The way of fortune is like the milky way in the sky ;
which is a meeting or knot of a number of small stars, not
seen asunder, but giving light together ; so are there a
number of little and scarce discernible virtues, or rather
faculties and customs, which make men fortunate.

Bacon.

L.—Riches and honor cannot bring
That peace which bids the spirit live ;
This from a higher source must spring,
And this *the world* can never give.

D. M. A.

X

26.

For every ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy, or none ,
Should there be one, resolve to find it,
If not, submit, and never mind it.

Your portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do you need,
For Nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies—
To want no more than will suffice,
And make that little do.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given,
Most surely this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

Cotton.

Y.

1.

G.—He is sufficiently well learned that knows how to do well, and has power to refrain from evil ; and he that acts from this knowledge ensures happiness. *Cicero.*

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet,
Restrain the passions' lawless riot ;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay ;
So shall you, spite of Age's fiat
Resist decay.

Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure ;
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure ;
The mind, not sense,
Made the sole scale by which to measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state ;
But challenges with calm defiance,
Time, Fortune, Fate.

Horace Smith.

L.—Think less of man, and more of God.

Bailey.

V.

2.

Thou wilt be blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long life, long pleasure, and a friend.

Pope.

Oh, ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below ;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow ;
Few—and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet—
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye
Sees not as thine, which turns
In such deep reverence to the sky,
Where the rich sunset burns ;
It may be that the breath of spring,
Born amid violets lone,
A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—
A dream, to him unknown.

Yet scorn not thou for this, the true
And steadfast love of years ;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears !
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
Or watched through sickness by thy bed—
Call *his* a kindred heart !

I.

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend;
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside,
Or lift them unto Heaven! *Mrs. Hemans.*

3.

G.—You would not I should boldly tell,
The name your heart has kept so well,
Nor to the senseless crowd proclaim,
For whom ascends your bosom's flame!
Ah! shall the name whose magic power,
Throws light upon each passing hour,
Shall it, a word of usage grown,
By every passing fool be known?
No—let it, shrined within thy breast,
A little saint forever rest;
With pious ardor worshipped there,
And never mentioned, save in prayer.

L.—It signifies that you are more disposed to dream of, than to use the necessary application in the pursuit of the object of your wishes.

4.

G.—They think you are the happiest elf
Beneath the beaming sun;

Y.

You do so dearly love yourself,
And rivals you have none.

L.—That you play all strings in love's sweet lyre,
Set all its music flowing;
Are air, and dew, and light, and fire,
To keep the soul-flower growing.

Mrs. Osgood.

5.

G.—The proverb holds that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above. *Dryden*

L.—I could, but dare not utter—
Such blush upon your cheek is seen;
Oh! how your heart would flutter,
Should I but tell what it did mean!

6.

G.—Vice creepeth upon men under the name of virtue;
for covetousness would be called frugality; prodigality
taketh to itself the name of bounty; pride calleth itself
neatness; revenge seemeth like greatness of spirit; and
cruelty exerciseth its bitterness under the show of courage.

L.—Be sure the first cross word you shun,
When once you are a wife;
For thus you'll 'scape full many an hour
Of sorrow, care, and strife.

Y.

Oft unknowingly, the tongue,
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness.

You ere this should have been taught,
(’Tis a truth that’s worth revealing,)
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling;
If reproof you would convey,
There’s a time you should convey it,
If you’ve but a word to say,
There’s a proper time to say it.

7.

G.—Something that will astonish both your friends and your enemies—you will become honest!

L.—On a mild autumn evening, a stranger will enter, and with grave salutation will stand before you. He will be close-muffled in a wide mantle, which without further parley unfolding, he will deposit therefrom what seems a book, saying—“Good Christian, here lies for you an invaluable gift; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it, peruse and obey its precepts—for with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will their fulfillment one

V.

day be required of thee." Uttering which singular words, in a clear bell-like tone, the stranger will gracefully withdraw, and before there is time to fashion either question or answer, will be gone. So sudden will be the whole transaction in the autumn stillness and twilight, so gently noiseless that you could fancy it all a trick of the imagination, or a visit from some authentic spirit, only that the "Mirror of Fortune," such as neither imagination nor spirits are wont to carry, will still be visible and tangible before you.

Carlyle.

8.

G.—Heaven grants to you a middle state,
Neither too humble, nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat your friends.

Mallet.

L.—Hope shall not sing to you a syren lay,
But joy attend you through life's flowery way,
With each new day new visions round you spring,
And every night sweet dreams kind sleep shall bring:
Thus shall you gently down life's current glide,
No clouds above, no rocks beneath the tide,
Until at last a better shore you gain,
Where love and bliss through endless ages reign.

9.

G.—Circumstance must make it probable,
Whether the cause's justness may command

Y.

Th' attendance of success. For an attempt
That's warranted by justice cannot want
A prosperous end. *Noble.*

L.—Never take a thing for granted when it is in your
power to reduce it to absolute certainty.

10.

All that you could wish for
Shall be yours ere long :
Fame and power, a glorious dower,
Beauty, wit and song ;
And love, the sweetest of them all,
Hold in your heart its festival.

11.

G.—It were easily done, but 'twere better not done,
And you'd better go hang than to do it ;
She would render your life all contention and strife,
And the day you first saw her you'd rue it.

L.—Love never fails to master what it finds,
But works a different way in different minds.
Dryden.

12.

G.—Truth, virtue, temperance and worth combined,
Will always with the good acceptance find.

Y.

L.—Strange creatures are men! by a smile they are
caught,
But must be held fast by a tear;
And the delicate lesson you now must be taught,
When *this* or when *that* should appear.

13.

G.—Enough! for who would prize,
Delights that end in aching?
And who would trust to ties,
You every hour are breaking?

L.—I need not say how one by one
Love's flowers have dropped from off love's
chain;
Enough to say that they are gone,
And that they cannot bloom again.
Miss London.

14.

G.—Most fond of dress, and vain her air,
The outside of her head her care.

L.—Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty are to him as needful
As is his daily bread. *Rogers.*

15.

G.—Firm, yet not stubborn, kind without pretence,
Blest with intentions void of all offence,

I.

Each peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Each night congratulating conscience cheers ;
 Love, peace and charity her steps attend,
 A general favorite, and a generous friend

L.—He lives for those who love him,
 Whose hearts are kind and true,
 For the heaven that smiles above him,
 And awaits his spirit too :
 For all human ties that bind him,
 For the task by God assigned him,
 For the bright hopes left behind him,
 AND THE GOOD THAT HE CAN DO.

He lives for those who love him,
 For those who know him true,
 For the heaven that smiles above him,
 And awaits his spirit too :
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the *Future* in the distance,
 AND THE GOOD THAT HE CAN DO.

G. L. Banks.

16.

G.—To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
 Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
 Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,
 And lighten half thy poverty ;
 Do all but close thy dying eye,
 For that she could not live to try.

Byron.

I.

L.—Oh! it is love, if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened in distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet, oh, more than all! untired by time,
Which, nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen, were you near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On you one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness
part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach your heart,
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove,
If there be love in mortals—his is love!

Byron.

17.

G.—Three things a wise man will not trust—
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple point,
Steady from morn till eve; and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was woman true?

Southey.

L.—How long must women wish in vain
A constapt love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.
Yet fondly you yourselves deceive, . .

X.

And empty hopes pursue;
Though false to others, you believe
They will to you prove true.

Thomas Stanswell.

18.

G.—Yes, she loves you, and will swerve not
From the love she did profess,
Though such duty you deserve not,
Still she loves you none the less.

L.—Ah, he is true! the chilling gales
Of keen misfortune cannot sever
That love which adverse fate assails,
But which will bind your souls forever.

19.

G.—No, never!—Let the thought be spurned
Thy destiny with hers to join,
Her fickle heart has ill returned,
The truth and constancy of thine.

L.—By the little gate I see thee,
Out by the little gate,
Thou dost listen for his footfall;
Listen—watch—and wait.
The golden light fades in the west,
A shade comes o'er the sky,
The dew-drop gathers on the leaf,
The tear-drop fills thine eye.

Y.

Deep darkness drapes the valley round,
 And rests upon the hill,
 The stars gaze at thee mockingly,
 Yet art thou waiting still ;
 Waiting—praying—all for him ;
 Dreaming of days gone by ;
 The while each breeze his herald seems,
 And whispers he is nigh.

A light, a soft, pale, silvery light
 O'er-spreads yon mountain brow ;
 The cold moon comes, the stars grow pale ;
 Where is the wanderer now ?
 Hark ! 'tis the step thou knowest so well ;—
 Thy lover lingers not ;
 Be still, thou poor impatient heart,
Thou art not quite forgot. M. B.

20.

G.—Her ruling passion is *to be obeyed*,
 And none will dare to disobey commands ;
 In all the domicil nor man nor maid
 One moment hesitates, or wavering stands.

L.—Ye may twine the living flowers
 Where the living fountains glide,
 And beneath the rosy bowers,
 Let the selfish man abide—
 And the birds upon the wing,
 And the barks upon the wave,

X.

Shall no sense of freedom bring,
To the man, to self a slave.

Mrs. S. J. Hale.

21.

G.—Little she speaks, but dear attentions
From her will ceaseless rise ;
She'll check your wants with kind preventions,
And lull the children's cries.

Dr. Gilman.

J.—He's engaged now in schemes that are buzzing on
Change

A rail-road direct via Venus to Mars !
And to startle the quidnuncs with something more
strange,
A telegraph line to the outermost stars.

He has scrip in the Grand Moonshine Bottling Con-
cern,

Which the New York Gas Journal so stoutly com-
mends ;
And a Yankee Self Acting Empyrean Churn
He's contracted to take to our Milky Way friends.

He's one of the firm of the Nonpareil Co.,
For insuring asbestos and icebergs 'gainst fire ;
And another, just formed, to make fire-bricks from
snow,
And ropes out of sand ten times tougher than
wire.

For Ladies and Gentlemen. 329

Y.

And he really thinks that the secret is theirs
Of hocusing dew-drops to first-water gems,
So he's bought fifty Grand Diamond Company's
shares,

Thus to labor incessant his life he condemns.

W. P. F.

22.

G.—More wealth than faults. *Shakspeare.*

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls,
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls
But seek for a bosom, all honest and true,
Where love once awakened will never depart,
'Turn, turn, to that breast, like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the
heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure, and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow your lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him,
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

Eliza Cook.

L.—Some fifty thousands now he has in store,
And when his father dies some fifty more.

V.

23.

G.—Oh ! she is much fairer than words can describe,
 And were I a bard of the TENNYSON tribe,
 I would say so in terms
 Containing the germs,
 Of at least half a dozen poetical firms ;
 In phrases so choice,
 With so gentle a voice,
 That the hearts of American girls should rejoice.

 But as I am merely
 A man who writes clearly
 His meaning, and strives but to speak quite sincerely ;
 In short, as I'm strictly a business person,
 Some subjects I can't turn the stream of my verse on ;
 So let it suffice,
 She has glorious eyes,
 And is gentle, and loving, and truthful, and wise.

Wm. North.

L.—He scorneth servile compromise, and the pliant mouth-
 ings of deceit,
 He maketh not a show of love, where he cannot con-
 cede esteem,
 He regardeth ill-got wealth as the root most fruitful
 of wretchedness ;
 So he walketh in strict integrity, leaning on God, and
 his rights.

Tupper.

Konsider his karakter. A krabbed, kruel, kringing,
 kontrary, korpulent, klownish, krafty, kross, kritikal, kom-

Y.

plaining, konceited, kovetous, kwarrelsome, kwerulous, kwalmish, kold-hearted, kareless, kapricious, karping, kanting, kontentious, kroaking, kredulous, kowardly kurmudgeon. Kompute the konsekwences of the kondukt of this kreature on the komfort of a konnubial kompanion; karefully kontemplate the kalamitous kondition of such a konnektion, kourageously kanvass the kwestion, kompare, kontrast, kalkulate koolly, kount the kost, komprehend it if you *kan*!—then konklude to kave in, kancel the kontrakt, kandidly konfess that you kondemn his kourse, that, konvinced you are not kongenial, you kaunot konsent to become his konsort, and that you are kompelled to klose korrespondence, and kut his akkwaintance. Kommand the kommendation of kommunity by konsigning him to kordial kontempt, and with the konsolation of a klear konscience in having konformed to the kounsels of kaution and kommon sense be kontent to klose your kareer in a konvent.

24.

G.— Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

L.—When the roses are blooming in Spring's gentle breeze,
And flowers in the meadow appear,
When the birds are all singing again in the trees,
And love crowns the youth of the year;
Then you at the altar of Hymen shall stand,
All decked in your bridal array,

Y.

And smiling, declare, as you proffer your hand,
You will "honor, and love and obey."

D. M. A.

25.

We almost always succeed when fully determined.

26.

G.—Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
And suffer crimes thou wantest the power to punish ;
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly ;
Search and know all mankind's mysterious ways,
But trust the secrets of thy soul to none ;
This is the way, this only. *Rowe.*

L.—Possess for riches content, and for honors quiet,
Let your heart's thirst be satisfied with your
Hand's thrift, and your gentle labors in the day
Turn to sweet slumbers in the night.

John Lily.

Z.

1.

G.—To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

Burns.

L.—Oh! let the stars that guide you right,
Be virtue fair, and honor bright;
With diligence and care combined,
A competence at least you'll find.

2.

If to mend your condition you marriage desire,
You only jump out of the pan in the fire.

G.—In all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toils of business, and soften the hardships of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other reward.

Paley.

L.—Oh! always be careful to steer by that chart,
Which wisdom in mercy has given,

Z.

And be sure, like the needle, your tremulous heart
Is constantly pointing to heaven :
Then safely with tempests and billows you'll cope,
And find, when at last they're subsiding,
On the lands-end of life there's a beacon of hope,
To the harbor of happiness guiding.

3.

G.—Though friends you will meet wherever you roam,
You will find none so dear as the friends of your
home,
For 'tis to them only, whenever we part,
We can look for the tear that comes warm from the
heart.

L.—You have one friend, a being who
Through all the changes time may bring,
E'en though your joys may be but few,
Will still around you fondly cling ;
And if by death you're called away,
From all your joys and sorrows here,
This friend will oft to memory pay
The tribute of a burning tear.

4.

That oft in visions of the night
An image stands before your sight,
That, when awake, your heart confesses
Not little of your thought possesses ;

Z.

This vision, if the stars be true,
Will soon be realized by you.

D. M. A.

5.

G.—That you observe the best rules to form a character
which shall be esteemed; that you talk little, hear much,
reflect alone upon what has passed in company, distrust
your own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

Sir W. Temple.

L.—That much there is self-will would do,
Were it not for the dire dismay
That bids you shrink as you suddenly think
Of “*What will my neighbors say?*”

Eliza Cook.

6.

G.— Ah! few people know
The flame-currents that flow
Beneath the cold masks men of business show;
How while talking of stocks that must up or down go,
Their hearts may be rent
By love that's long pent,
Like gas under pressure in want of a vent!

Wm. North

L.—So reckless you've grown from repeated defeat
You're determined to marry the first that you meet.

7.

Of many cares that trouble life,
The hate, the lie, the bitter strife,

Z

The evil that requiteth good,
The benefit not understood.

B. Cornwall

There is a thief that walks the world
In the quick noon-day, and the starless dark,
Protean-like, now ringed and curled,
Ragged anon, and grim, and stark;
And he plies his trade with a ceaseless skill
Defiantly, wearily working ill,
But I troll the charm
Will keep you from harm

If scored in your memory ever :

"Who walks in the street of *By and by*, will stop in the
house of Never."

He steals your purse, and he steals your time,
The golden grain of deed
From the chaff of purpose he filches oft,
With subtle hand of greed :
He flings the umbered rust on mind,
And it sinks his captive, chained and blind ;
But this is the charm
Will keep you from harm

If scored on your memory ever :

* Who walks in the street of *By and by*, will stop in the
house of Never."

Like the mighty Nemesis of old,
His sandals of wool are made,
And swift will he glide, and steal to your side,
With light touch on your shoulder laid :

II.

And "Wait, there is time," are the *drugged* words given
As he steals from your soul its last chance of heaven.

But this phylacter bind
On the brow of your mind
Firm and forever:

"Who walks in the street of *By and by*, will stop in the
house of Never."

8.

G.—One, under fair pretence of friendly ends
And well-placed words of glossy courtesy,
Baited with reason not unplausible,
Will wind into this easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares.

Milton.

L.—What avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapped the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own.

Armstrong

9.

G.—Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour;
Fear not clouds will always lower.

Burns.

L.—Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and sometimes tipsy;
Sometimes for years, and years together,
She'll bless you with the sunniest weather

X

●

Bestowing honor, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence;
When in a moment, Presto—Pass!
Your joys will wither like the grass. *Praed.*

10.

G.—There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer every hazard:
The fearful are the failing. *Mrs. Hale.*

L.—Deserve success, and you shall have it.
 English Proverb.

11.

G.—The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley. *Burns.*

L.—Hope on!—hope ever!—by the sudden springing
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long,
And by the burst of free triumphant singing
After cold silent months the woods among,
And by the rending of the frozen chains
Which bound the glorious river of the plains,
Hope on!—hope ever! *Mrs. Hemans.*

12.

If ever you gain one at all
'Twill be by means of a New Year's call.

• 13.

G.—If to her favor you would gain
A welcome recommend,

Z.

You must from every vice abstain,
And prove you're Virtue's friend;
For there you never will succeed,
Unless you're Virtue's friend indeed.

L.—By interchange of gifts, letters, and loving embassies.
Shakspeare.

14.

G.—Curse the tongue
Whence slanderous rumor, like the adder's drop,
Distills her venom, withering friendship's faith,
Turning love's favor. *Hillhouse.*

L.—He could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where he by right is master, not at all. *Cowper.*

15.

G.—Most fond to meet thy dark blue eye,
Although she knows 'twere best
To shun the sweet but fatal glance
That robs her soul of rest.

L.—His various cares in one great point combine,
The only business of his life—to *dine.* *Young.*

16.

G.—Never needing your reproving,
Ever ovely, ever loving;

X.

Starry eyes, and sunset tresses,
 White arms made for light caresses ;
 Lips that know no word of doubting,
 Often kissing, never pouting ;
 Heart as pure as heaven above her.
 Oh, you cannot choose but love her !

Phoebe Cary.

L.—A stern domestic foe ; morose, unjust ;
 Bound by no law himself, and yet demanding
 A strict obedience from the frail and weak.
C. Johnson.

17.

Connubial love has dearer names,
 And firmer ties, and sweeter claims,
 Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
 Or wedded hearts can e'er reveal ;
 For pure as charities above
 Rise the sweet sympathies of love,
 And closer cords than those of life
 Unite the husband and the wife.

18.

Doubt—when radiant smiles are shining,
 Doubt—when clasping hands are twining,
 Doubt—when honied words are flowing,
 Doubt—when blushes warm are glowing,
 Doubt—when mirthful tones invite thee,
 Doubt—when gayest hopes delight thee,

Z.

But never doubt the proof sincere
That glistens in the starting tear;
And never doubt that truth can live
In hearts that *suffer* and *forgive*!

19.

G.—She does not meet you as of old,
As friends less cherished meet you;
You think her glance is calm and cold,
To welcome or to greet you.
Her sighs ne'er follow where you move,
Nor tell what others' sighs do,
Her lips have never said—"I love,"
But can't you see her eyes do?

L.—Because the gift was small, you thought
'Twas not the gift of love,
But if you view it as you ought
No lack of love 'twill prove;
Not want of heart, but want of art
It was that made it small,
Then loving heart, take hearty love,
To make amends for all;
Take gift with heart, and heart with gift,
Let will supply the want;
For willing heart, nor hearty will
Nor is, nor shall be scant.

20.

G.—Although you smile and try to sing,
'Tis in a saddened strain,

Z

For well you know your heart forebodes
You ne'er will meet again.

L.— Be true to him ;
Long years may pass, and life seem dark and dreary,
And thou may'st droop with spirit sad and weary ;
But still hope on, and dream of coming gladness,
When clouds no more shall shade thy soul with sadness.
Be true to him.

Be true to him ;
And to his bosom, glad, he yet shall hold thee,
With joyous heart within his arms enfold thee ;
And while thine eyes with love's pure light are gleam-
ing,
Murmur—" *Reality* is here, away with *dreaming*."
Be true to him. Allie Vernon.

21.

G.—She is a being of the gentlest mould
Whose sweet emotions ever can be swayed
By tender words, as reeds by summer wind.
Her heart is like a moss-grown forest-spring,
Upon whose brink the fair anemone,
And trembling violets look mutely up,
With lips apart until the fount shall give
To each its daily spray-drop ; even thus
Life's holiest charities around it grow ;
Nor do they ever droop or fade away,
For want of the fresh spirit-dew of love.

Z.

L.—His heart is prone to pity's throe,
To angel kindness so akin,
The faintest sigh of human woe
Is answered ere it well begin. *W. P. P.*

22.

G.—Chiefly to kneel at Fashion's shrine,
To court the gay and proud,
Whose chief desire is to outshine
The gayest of the crowd.

L.—A flattering painter who makes it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Goldsmith.

23.

G.—*A woman's tongue* is all that comes,
You'll gain that loud and restless thing!
They call for trumpets, fifes, and drums,
When war's fell storm is gathering;
But when did trumpet, drum, or fife,
Bassoon or bag-pipe ever yet
Avail like *this* in scenes of strife?
A woman's tongue is what you'll get!
J. B. Lyons.

L.—The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to wake when others sleep;
The right to comfort in distress;
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right to love when others scorn,
And faults conceal the while you mourn;

X.

The right a happy home to make
 In any clime for his dear sake.
 And when all other friends have flown,
 And left the sufferer alone,
 The right to shed new joys on earth,
 The right to teach the soul's high worth,
 The right to lead that soul to God,
 Along the path the Saviour trod—
 The path of meekness and of love,
 The path of faith that leads above,
 The path of patience under wrong,
 The path in which the weak grow strong;
 Such fortune thine! but God will bless
 And crown thy efforts with success.

Mrs. B. Little.

24.

G—A being formed by God for thee,
 Thy stay and comforter to be,
 A stable mind, a trusting heart,
 A soul attuned in every part
 To noble thoughts, and true;
 A form of fair and gentle grace,
 A beaming eye, a sparkling face,
 Lips whose sole dialect is love,
 Where smiles and blessings grow,
 As if an influence from above
 Were always breathing through.

L.—In person fine—with stable mind,
 And purpose sure and steady,

Z

To proper industry inclined,
For business always ready.

25.

When April's warmth unlocks the clod,
Softened by gentle showers,
When the violet pierces through the sod,
And blossoms, first of flowers ;
Then wilt thou give thy hand to one
Who'll lead thee to the bowers
Where Joy and Peace have made their home,
And sorrow never lowers.

26.

Most certainly, for who so sweet could smile,
And not ere long some worthy heart beguile ?

THE END.

11

12

DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE WHEEL.

SELECT a Question from the list, and choose any Number at random from 1 to 26. Find the number of the question on the Wheel, and place it under the number which is on the Circle. The index will then stand at the letter in which the answer to that will be found, under the number on the circle.

ILLUSTRATION.—If an answer is wished to question 24, suppose No. 10 is chosen in the wheel, under 10 in the circle; the index stands at G; in G, No. 10, then



answer. Had another number been chosen, the answer would have been found in the letter under the number chosen. For instance: had 18 been chosen instead of 10, the answer would have been found in O, No. 18. Thus answers will be found to all the questions, by choosing numbers, and placing the numbers of the questions under the numbers chosen, and observing at what letter the index stands, always recollecting the answer will be found under the number chosen, and not under the number of the question.

For each question there are 26 answers.

G. and L. before the answers. indicate that the reply is exclusively for a lady. If an

short mottoes will be found at the bottom

